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The Week

EUROPE skated as near the edge of war as in many months while Hitler and Mussolini used the occasion of the apparent weakness of Soviet Russia and France to threaten a bolder policy in Spain. Great Britain warned Germany that independent action against the Spanish government would lead to grave consequences; Prime Minister Chamberlain made a sensational speech in which he said that hope for peace was not yet lost and asked for restraining of words that might start the avalanche. As if in response, Mussolini wrote an article celebrating Italian victories in Spain and promising continued assistance to Franco until he could win the war, and Hitler, in an address to the International Chamber of Commerce, said that Germany would support the rebels because of her need for Spanish ore. . . . The Chautemps government in France tackled the financial crisis by suspending payments in gold and shutting the Bourse, and Finance

Minister Bonnet announced that unless the Senate granted the financial powers which it had refused to the Blum government he would not attempt the task that awaited him. . . . Executions, heresy-hunts and denunciations of industrial disorganization continued in Soviet Russia. . . . As the Non-Intervention Committee met to deal with the new crisis over Spain, Italy and Germany announced that they would not consent to have France and Great Britain take over the patrol of the government coasts that they have abandoned. . . . Japan, relying on the assumed weakness of the Red Army, picked a quarrel with the Soviet Union about the occupation of islands in the Amur River supposed to belong to Manchukuo.

AGAIN in the week ending June 29 nearly all news in the United States was strike news. The independent steel employers checkmated the efforts of the Federal Steel Mediation Board, under Mr. Charles P. Taft 2nd, by refusing to make any form of agreement with the union, whether oral or written, or to sign a memorandum or letter or promise that might serve as an agreement, by refusing to permit a vote under the National Labor Relations Board to determine whether a majority of employees favored the union, and by refusing to meet the union leaders and discuss the issues. Thereupon the Mediation Board gave up its task, Governors Earle of Pennsylvania and Davey of Ohio permitted shut plants to reopen and kept state forces on duty to protect returning workers, while local authorities harassed the strikers and their officials by arrests and raids as the companies ballyhooed the "back to work" movement. . . . Investigation by the La Follette Civil Liberties Committee began, and hearings under the NLRB continued to explore the complaint against Inland Steel for violation of the Wagner law. The Senate committee investigating interruption of mail delivery halted its activities without decisive result, while the pickets assumed to be guilty were arrested. . . . Governor Davey charged that Secretary Perkins had requested him to force the company officials to meet the union leaders and hold them together until an agreement was reached; she denied the charge and stated that she had merely suggested the use of the subpoena power to bring about a meeting. . . . Evidences of secret fascistic

organization of anti-labor forces, under Ford and other reactionary employers, came to light as the NLRB charged Ford with gross violations of the Wagner law.

VICE PRESIDENT Garner's journey to Uvalde, Texas, is still a mystery. It has a chance of becoming a great national legend, like that of who stole little Charley Ross. The original explanation, made at the time of his departure, is that he left for the sake of Mrs. Garner's health. What has caused the mystery is the refusal of New Dealers in Washington, according to report, to accept this story. It has been freely said that he was angry with the President and that his leaving was a gesture to show his disapproval of Mr. Roosevelt's Supreme Court plan and the proposed relief expenditures. The first of these suspicions is probably mistaken, for many members of Congress can testify to Mr. Garner's efforts on behalf of the Supreme Court bill. There is no doubt that Mr. Garner would have liked to see a cut in the \$1,500,000,000 relief bill, but his flight to Uvalde seems a singularly ineffective way to have expressed his opposition. Mr. Roosevelt could hardly wish for better luck than for all the reactionary-minded Democrats in Congress to follow his example and depart for the open spaces. There remains, however, another possibility. This is that Mr. Garner has finally and irrevocably broken with Mr. Roosevelt over the general New Deal line, and particularly its friendliness for, or at least neutrality toward, the CIO, which Mr. Garner bitterly hates. Mr. Garner has extraordinary influence in the Democratic organization; if he has in truth broken with Mr. Roosevelt, it means that the long threatened division in the Democratic Party has at last occurred.

PUBLIC opinion is said to be turning strongly against the steel workers and the cause of unionism in the United States, but it isn't necessarily so. Among other items of evidence we may mention an appeal for a settlement in the steel strike, with signed agreements, to which over one hundred prominent clergymen of many denominations have fixed their signatures. Here is proof that a large and important public group feels the steel strikers are acting well within their rights. "We see no valid reason," says the statement, "why these corporations cannot at once, with honor and security, sign agreements with the Steel Workers' Organizing Committee, as an evidence of good faith by both sides." The appeal makes the sound point that more than 140 other steel companies, a majority of the industry both in size and number, have already signed contracts with the union, and have not suffered as a consequence. It reports that "the unions in a position of leadership in the CIO—the United Mine Workers, the Amalgamated Clothing Workers and the International Ladies' Garment Workers—have earned over a period of years a reputation for fair dealing and the keeping of their contracts." Among the signers

were Monsignor John A. Ryan, director of the social-action department of the National Catholic Welfare Council; Reverend Edgar DeWitt Jones, president of the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America; Rabbi Barnett R. Brickner, chairman, Social Justice Commission, Central Conference of American Rabbis; Reverend Hubert C. Herring, director of the Council for Social Action, Congregational and Christian Churches, New York; Reverend Charles Clayton Morrison, editor of *The Christian Century*, and many others.

THE relief bill has now passed both Houses of Congress without being reduced below the amount of \$1,500,000,000 and without the stipulation that some definite proportion of the cost must be borne by local communities. This is being hailed as a victory for Mr. Roosevelt, but it is no victory for the unemployed. Nobody knows how much money will be needed for federal work-relief during the next few months, but we have recently been spending at the rate of \$2,500,000,000 annually and, while employment has been increasing, the rate is certainly inadequate to take up this amount of slack. An additional burden is being thrown on the states and cities, and again, nobody knows whether they are in a position to meet it. In short, the fundamental facts are entirely lacking on which to base a judgment on this whole situation. Some people believe the administration intends to spend its new \$1,500,000,000 at the former rate, exhausting the funds in a few months and forcing Congress to a new appropriation. Meanwhile, the rolls are being cut wholesale, in a purely arbitrary manner, and this is particularly true in the white-collar projects. As a result, we have a whole epidemic of strikes and sit-ins registering the protests of the workers in the art projects and others. It is the old story: private employment is not available in the necessary quantities and even if it were, those on relief are reluctant to take a job lest it prove temporary and they should be unable to break through the red tape and get back on a government project. What is being done may seem just politics to President Roosevelt and his advisers, just economy to the conservatives in Congress; but it is bitter personal tragedy to thousands of its victims.

REPORTS from the Soviet Union contain not only news of additional executions and an intensified hunt for spies, traitors and Trotskyites, but reports of widespread disorganization of industry, education and other essential activities of the state. These reports are based largely on complaints appearing in the Russian press. It is no surprise that a political crisis of this kind, instilling fear among those in responsible positions, should weaken morale, initiative and the calm continuity of policy that is necessary for efficiency in an industrial society. Nevertheless newspaper readers ought to remember that conditions in the Soviet Union are rarely either so good or so bad as they may appear at any par-

ticular moment. It is a land of drives, campaigns and a controlled press which pursues with hysterical intensity any line that may be promulgated. Reports of what is going on are certain to be exaggerated. It would be rash to conclude that Soviet industry is really on the point of breakdown, or that the Red Army would not give an extremely good account of itself if called into action. Like any other country vast in extent, filled with a large and miscellaneous population and multifarious in its activities, the Soviet Union is sure to belie almost any simple generality that may be applied to it.

THE annual rash of honorary degrees is now pretty well ended. It would be foolish, of course, to take them too seriously; in some cases they are a cheap and easy way of getting a free commencement speech out of a celebrity, and in others they are an expression of gratitude for donations by wealthy men, past, present or hoped-for. In this year's miscellaneous lot we found only one really startling: Harvard's Doctorate of Laws for William, Cardinal O'Connell, Catholic Archbishop of Boston. The Cardinal's chief public activity in recent years has been to fight the child-labor amendment. Members of his church helped to put through the Massachusetts law requiring an oath of loyalty from teachers, and no one can believe they did so against his wishes. If President Conant wanted to honor an outstanding Catholic prelate, we could name several who would seem a more natural choice than the Cardinal, who was omitted for so many years by Dr. Conant's predecessors in office. Surely the head of Harvard would not wish us to believe that the Cardinal's career is of the sort he would desire his young graduates, going out into the world, to emulate?

THE capture of Robert Irwin, former insane-asylum inmate and confessed murderer of three people, including an artist's model, in New York last Easter Sunday, is flooding the circulation managers of the metropolitan papers with happiness. The feature of the sordid and—from society's point of view—humiliating affair that dazzles us is the brilliance of the police stratagem that was employed to lure Irwin into jail at the time of the murders. The father of the slain girl was arrested and given a good honest third-degreeting. The police explained, in effect, when this unfortunate was released, that the third degree was to make the arrest seem wholehearted, and thus to lull Irwin, the true suspect, into a feeling of false security, during which he would be arrested. Irwin didn't lull, but it *was* a bright idea, and deserves to be recorded.

A THIRD volume in what has come to be one of the most notable series of publications ever issued by the United States government recently appeared under the imprint of the Soil Conservation Service and Forest Service of the Department of Agriculture, in coöperation with the Rural Electrification

Administration. This 262-page book bears the title "Headwaters Control and Use." President Roosevelt, in issuing the official call for the Upstream Engineering Conference whose papers form the principal contents of the present report, said: "There is a wealth of experience and data as to downstream engineering and works required for navigation, power development and flood control. . . . The objects of upstream engineering are through forestry and land management to keep water out of our streams, to control its action once in the stream and generally to retard the journey of the raindrop to the sea." These objectives have been explored in papers of scholarly thoroughness, illustrated with maps, charts and photographs. The memorable "Little Waters" was an elementary exposition addressed to lay readers at large. The "Great Plains Report" dealt with a specific region and was addressed primarily to public administrators and lawmakers. "Headwaters Control and Use" is a comprehensive treatise for the engineering profession.

ELECTRICITY rates in the United States still show amazing variations from city to city, despite the progress that has been made toward uniformity and simplification in the last year. The Federal Power Commission has reported to Congress that "the range from the lowest to the highest bill for a similar quantity of electrical energy often exceeds 100 percent and occasionally is over 200 percent." The Yonkers Electric Light and Power Company, for example, charged \$6.28 for 100 kilowatt-hours of electricity, while in Tacoma, Washington, the charge for the same amount was only \$2.12, a difference of 196 percent. The Queens Borough Gas and Electric's rate for 250 kilowatt-hours was 252 percent higher than the rate in Tacoma, which seems to be the model city. In the absence of evidence to the contrary it is fair to assume that the cost of production and distribution in the various cities is substantially the same. Certainly it does not show anything like the variations in electricity rates. Most of our sympathy goes to the residents of Yonkers, Mount Vernon, New Rochelle and the other cities where the highest bills are reported, but we have a good measure of compassion for the manager of the Niagara Falls Gas and Electric Light Company, located beside one of the world's greatest power sources, who must spend these hot days explaining why the rates for 250 kilowatt-hours in his city are the highest in the country.

WE LEARN from the rotogravure sections, which are practically our sole source of information these warm days, of the new developments in the technique of exhibition diving lately witnessed in, of all places, Southern California. It no longer suffices, one finds, just to get off the springboard and into the water as gracefully as possible and approximately in accordance with the announced intention. One variation practised by the more lissome mermaids is

to take a bow and arrow with them, and to strike an attitude, while in the air, reminiscent of Diana. Whether the diver tries to shoot a spectator, or a fish, or climbs out of the pool with the bent bow and arrow still in position, the rotogravure regrettably omits to state. Another delicate advance in technique, also from Southern California, interposes a large paper disk, with a hole in the middle, between the springboard and the chlorinated water far below. The diver has to go through the hole, or else tear the paper and thereby make a spectacle of himself like that of the clown in the old-fashioned circus. These are of course admirable innovations, but we cannot believe that the California go-getters will be satisfied to stop with them. We predict the next stage, which is that a diver carrying a machine gun will be required to go through a steel hoop, lined with spikes, shooting out a row of electric bulbs as he does so. And why not let the spectators have bows and arrows and take pot shots during the process? The suggestion that they have machine guns instead we shall sternly oppose. We feel that would be indulgence.

Girdler's Counter-Revolution

MARY HEATON VORSE, in her article from Youngstown on another page of this week's New Republic, states that the steel independents, in their obdurate refusal to make peace with the union, constitute the spearhead of a drive against the President and the labor policy of the New Deal. Similar reports come to us from other sources. A confidential Washington labor news agency states that some of the biggest industrialists want, not peace, but war on the labor front. They want labor war to last for six months, and are willing to take the necessary losses so that it may do so. After half a year of this kind of disturbance, they expect to have public opinion firmly back of them and then, they believe, they can drive labor into its old subjection and destroy the new labor movement.

Whether or not this is true we have no means of knowing, but evidence accumulates daily that it is the case. The attitude of the steel employers has been in every respect the opposite of conciliatory. They deliberately invited a strike which could have been avoided without the sacrifice on their part of a cent of wages or an hour of working time. They did so by refusing to sign a contract identical with that which was satisfactory to U.S. Steel and other large employers—or indeed, to sign or make any contract at all, whether oral or written. They rebuffed the most persistent attempts at mediation by state and federal governments.

They declined to consider a proposal by the union that an election be held under the National Labor Relations Board to see whether a majority of the men favored the union. At the same time they kept issuing statements which implied that nearly all the men wanted to return to work and were kept from

doing so only by outside agitators. They followed the most up-to-date strikebreaking technique, as brought out in previous investigations by the La Follette Civil Liberties Committee. This consists in arousing the conservative elements of local communities against the strike, stimulating the organization of citizens' committees and vigilantes, and using every available force, public and private, to break picket lines and suppress demonstrations, after which a "back-to-work" movement is loudly proclaimed as sufficiently successful to operate the mills. By this means they hope to weaken the strikers' morale and lead them to surrender. (How strike reporters, who should be aware of this technique, can credit the employers' statements of the numbers who have gone back or of the revival of production we are at a loss to know. To exaggerate such a movement is the obvious tactic of strikebreaking, and by crediting the reports without impartial verification the newspapers join the strikebreakers' ranks.)

If Republic, Youngstown, Inland and Bethlehem can defeat the CIO by these means, other employers will surely make the same attempt. Among these may be some of the large concerns with which the unions have already succeeded in making contracts. It would be relatively easy, by challenging the enthusiastic new unions, to prolong spectacular labor warfare for six months or even more. The losses to employers, labor and the rest of the public would be great. An unceasing propaganda against the labor movement, accompanying these disturbances, would have a good deal of effect.

No matter who actually is responsible for the occurrence of a strike, it is always easy to throw the blame on labor because it is labor which has to take overt action if the employer is not to have his way about everything. The unproved assumption that a majority do not want to strike but are merely being terrorized into doing so, a reiterated emphasis on "the right to work" and a continual demand for "law and order" are the verbal weapons of the employers, parroted by newspapers and politicians. Their material forces consist of private-detective and professional union-smashing agencies, tear gas, revolvers and machine guns, such policemen, sheriff's deputies and state troopers as public officials will send to their aid, and a miscellaneous horde of "citizens' committees," vigilantes, Legionnaires, silver shirts, "patriotic" and "loyal" societies, all ready for anti-labor violence. Such a force is now reputed to be mobilized in Michigan on a large scale, under the virtual command of Ford's private police chief, Harry Bennett. What chaos may be created over a period of months if many prominent employers decline to accept unionism and collective bargaining but instead throw these mobs into action may well be imagined.

Sober citizens should consider well whether they wish to encourage this kind of civil conflict by taking the side of the employers who appear so eager to provoke it. Of course unions are not perfect, and

new and undisciplined ones especially may be rash and troublesome. But at least major troubles may be prevented by acceding to their moderate demands for recognition and contracts concerning terms of employment. These are not revolutionary demands—far from it—but are the essential preliminaries to accepting organized labor as part of a peacefully functioning democracy. In England and other democratic industrial nations the existence of unions and the governance of employment conditions in all major industries by collective bargaining and contracts has long been accepted as a matter of course. So has the participation of organized labor in politics as a class party. All hope of peaceful adjustment to necessary social change vanishes unless labor is able to exercise its democratic rights in industry and the state, and becomes accustomed to such power and responsibility as the development of an industrial civilization requires that it should assume.

The warfare now undertaken by reactionary employers against this development of labor's part in democracy is in one aspect not new in America; for years a large part of industry has kept its employees from organizing by similar methods, used with the utmost ruthlessness whenever the urge to revolt came to the surface. But in another sense it is new and infinitely more dangerous than before. Repression can be effective in maintaining a dictated peace for long periods, when the repressed have no knowledge or hope of anything better, and are not strong enough to achieve it. But that situation no longer exists. The deep social stirrings of the depression, followed by the New Deal promises, brought a new determination and a new hope to industrial workers. Through their political power they registered this hope in legislation intended to safeguard the right of organization and collective bargaining. Through the CIO they found a leadership capable of fulfilling the hope in industry after industry. At last public opinion was on their side, and the state, influenced by their democratic power, was protecting them. They had in effect won the status they were seeking, by orderly and peaceful processes. Now Mr. Girdler and his allies are revolting against that constitutional victory. They are doing so by rendering the new laws ineffectual, mobilizing all the reactionary forces at their command and stimulating violence, responsibility for which they attribute to their opponents. Thus old-fashioned strikebreaking passes over into a form which is essentially similar to the tactics of Mussolini and Hitler. It may easily develop from lawless attack on labor to lawless encroachment on state and national governments. The sympathies of the public can either check or stimulate this movement. If enough of us become dupes of the reactionaries, we can help along the development of an essentially fascist counter-revolution. If, on the other hand, we place the major blame for the existing industrial disturbance where it belongs, and recognize the validity of labor's principal case, Mr. Girdler cannot get away with it.

Europe Nears the Zero Hour

ON FRIDAY, June 25, Prime Minister Neville Chamberlain reported to the House of Commons on the European situation. It has been many years since any leader of one of the chief powers used more chilling words. Admitting that the danger of war was very great, he said the situation was "serious but not hopeless" and added: "An incautious move, or even a sudden loud exclamation, may start an avalanche."

That Mr. Chamberlain did not exaggerate, every reader of the newspaper headlines is well aware. Events of the past week have been of the gravest character. Germany and Italy have withdrawn from the Spanish patrol, though not from the Non-Intervention Committee, and have reserved for themselves full liberty of action against Spain. Both countries have now openly admitted that they are participating officially and completely in Franco's attempt at revolution. To Mussolini is attributed the authorship of a newspaper editorial gloating over the success at Bilbao and demanding full victory. Hitler was even more explicit and direct. In his address before the International Chamber of Commerce, he bluntly warned Great Britain and France that he will no longer be guided by their wishes in any degree. He went still farther and frankly admitted that Germany is participating in the Spanish adventure in order to obtain ores valuable for her rearmament program. Apparently he proposes to take them by force, since if he were willing and able to pay for them, there is no reason to believe that the form of government in Spain would affect the transaction one way or the other.

It is not difficult to see what lies behind this latest and worst turn of events in Europe. The executions in Soviet Russia, which are still continuing and reveal a situation in that country of the greatest seriousness, have much emboldened the fascist dictators. The same thing is true of the financial straits in France which caused Chautemps to succeed Blum as head of the government (though otherwise there has been little change). In Germany there have long been two schools of thought, with Hitler and his reckless Nazi advisers on one side, and the German General Staff, in particular, on the other. The indication that things are far from well in the USSR strengthened the intransigent group in Germany against the more cautious spokesmen for the regular army. Hitler and Mussolini clearly feel that now is their hour. The world must wait with breathless attention to see how far they intend to push their advantage.

As on so many occasions in the past, Great Britain still holds the key. Neither Hitler nor Mussolini would lightly risk a course of conduct that would cause Britain to go to war against them. Are they running a serious risk? Mr. Eden gave a partial clue a few days ago when he was taunted in the House with favoring "peace at any price" and replied: "Peace at almost any price." It has often been

charged that the price they are willing to pay includes, if necessary, the defeat of the legitimate Spanish government, which would be succeeded by a regime that England could control. Whether she is willing to accept the consequences of an overwhelming fascist victory in the field that would mean that either Germany or Italy, or both of them, would stay in the Iberian Peninsula, is not yet clear.

If Great Britain accepts such an outcome she is of course only storing up more trouble for herself. She will have emboldened Mussolini in his megalomaniac plans to control the whole Mediterranean area and to cut the lifeline of the British Empire. She will also have pushed Hitler forward on his own road where the main objectives are restoration of the German colonies, the dismemberment of Czechoslovakia, the control if not the actual annexation of Austria, the seizure of Russian territory, the abolition of the Polish Corridor, and so on. It is a grim prospect, whether war comes now or is postponed a few months or years. A general European war would be such an unmitigated disaster that one is forced to hope for postponement, if only on the chance that before catastrophe occurs, some alternative—perhaps the internal collapse so long and confidently predicted for both the dictatorships—may intervene.

Mr. Hearst Retreats

MR. HEARST has undertaken his most sensational and important move in many years, in suspending publication of *The New York American*. This paper, the second he ever acquired, has long been his favorite and it is easy to imagine with what regret he was obliged to strike its colors. Reports, not officially confirmed, say that it had recently been losing money at the rate of about a million a year. The same reports indicate that a number of other papers that are not paying their way may receive the same treatment.

Mr. Hearst, who enjoys the reputation of "always taking care of his own," did not live up to it in this case. More than a hundred editorial employees have been turned adrift with no consolation except Mr. Hearst's pious hope that the editors of his other papers will give these men and women "preferred consideration" when they happen to be taking on additional workers. This is such cold comfort that, as we go to press, members of the Newspaper Guild employed on his surviving journals in New York are considering a strike as a protest.

Some months ago, the Sage of San Simeon applied to the Securities and Exchange Commission for permission to float new debentures in the sum of \$35,500,000. The SEC held up the application, and widely circulated rumors have indicated that the suspension of *The New York American* was done at the SEC's request, the assumption being that after this action, and perhaps some similar ones, the Hearst applications would go through. We refuse to

believe these rumors. The SEC is not empowered by law to give advice to business firms coming before it as applicants. All it can do is to rule on whether all relevant information has been given the public and whether the appeal for funds is a proper one. The SEC is neither authorized nor competent to tell an applicant how to run his business.

We have already set forth in *The New Republic* the reasons why the Hearst application should be scrutinized with the greatest care. His publishing empire is a maze of companies whose relations to one another are governed by no discernible rule of reason. Subsidiaries own their parent companies; services are paid for at far more or less than they are worth in order to create a meaningless appearance of heavy profit or heavy loss in one corporation or another. In some cases there are as many as four companies piled one above the other. Hearst has already in recent years sold to the public debentures to a value of \$50,000,000. Hearst Publications, Inc., which is asking the SEC to authorize a new issue of \$22,500,000, values its "circulation, press franchises and reference libraries" at \$38,000,000, an unexplained figure which many persons would regard as excessive. It has been publicly stated that of the \$22,500,000 nearly the entire amount would be used to pay bank loans or to retire bonds personally guaranteed by Mr. Hearst, with a comparatively small net addition to working capital.

Similar charges are made about the other requested issue of \$13,000,000 for Hearst Magazines, Inc. It is said that part of these funds would be used to purchase from another Hearst enterprise St. Donat's Castle, England, which is used for residential purposes purely and also to buy from *The New York Journal* a building at a price \$500,000 above its assessed valuation. It is well known that several Hearst newspapers and magazines, in addition to *The New York American*, have been losing money almost continuously for a period of many years. Under such circumstances, it is obvious that if the SEC should, without further inquiry, permit Hearst to sell another \$35,500,000 in debentures it will take upon itself an extraordinary responsibility.

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Volunteer in Spain

I: *The Machine Guns*

John Sommerfield is a college-bred young Englishman who forsook the classroom to work a machine gun in the International Brigade. In his book, "Volunteer in Spain," he gives a first-hand account of the crucial fighting last November when the International Brigade, hastily organized and thrown into action, stopped Franco's fascists at the very gates of Madrid. This is the first of three instalments from the book, to be printed in The New Republic in advance of publication. Early chapters describe Sommerfield's enlistment, his making his way to Spain by boat from Marseilles, the sketchy preliminary training of the Brigade. In the present excerpt, the volunteers are quartered in a small village and are about to receive arms, preparatory to being sent up to the Madrid front.—THE EDITORS.

The Guns Arrive.—Early that evening the machine guns came. We were quartered in the rambling attics of an old farmhouse, under sloping roofs and among great heaps of oats, and then the trucks arrived with boxes of ammunition and heavy packing cases with the guns in them. There weren't many—not nearly enough—but in those cases, long and narrow like coffins, and heavy with the surprising inertness of dead machinery, I thought, as we sweated up the winding stairs with them, lay ungleaming in oily darkness the cold metallic forms that would give us our potency for war.

But before we were able to open up the cases and learn what type of gun "they" had given us, we were all summoned to the courtyard at the back of the house. The whole company was there. It was to be a meeting.

Our company commander, little, smart, brisk, began to speak in his precise voice. Today was November 7, the nineteenth anniversary of the Russian Revolution.

We stood packed together in the little courtyard, nursing our rifles and listening, while a thin drizzle fell. Diaz, fat, always worried-looking but smiling, spoke in the worst French that you could imagine. But that didn't prevent his speech, which was short, simple and fervent, from conveying his tremendous sincerity and enthusiasm, and we all clapped him loudly. Then another of the Spaniards spoke in his own language, and one of us in English. We sang the "Internationale," and broke up in a hurry to get back to our guns.

We climbed back to our attics, and began to open up one of the cases. First we came to the tripod, painted gray, with complicated elevating and traversing gear, immensely solid, horribly heavy. We

lifted it out, and next were two spare barrels, of the Hotchkiss type, very thick, with odd foresights mounted on springs. Underneath was the gun itself, even heavier than the tripod, and as we picked it up and felt its weight we thought of carrying it across rough country, running under fire, and we grinned at each other regretfully. And when we came to examine it our faces grew solemn. The feed, rather similar to that of the Hotchkiss, led into a large oblong black metal box, which opened to disclose slides, rods, cogwheels, oil, mystery—

We looked blankly at one another. No one had ever seen anything like it before; there were men who had been in half a dozen wars, in half a dozen armies at different times and places, but none of them had come across a machine gun remotely like this.

Then we thought of Legrandin, our veteran, who had been all through the last war and in the French army before then. We fetched him out and showed him the gun. He laughed; he knew all about it. "St. Etienne's, they are," he said. They had been tried by a French regiment in August, 1914, and given up before the month was out. They had been no use at all, he said, always stopping, put out of action by the least bit of dirt in the complicated lock. There had been quite a lot of them and they had been scrapped, never seen again, and forgotten. Now we had them. He laughed and laughed. Well, we said, we've got them and we've got to get on with it. Show us how they work. Hoarse and red in the face from laughing, he said he hadn't the faintest idea.

It was beginning to get dark. We would be taking these guns up to the front tomorrow. Maybe it was a job, but a rotten one. Candles were obtained and some tools, and the experts got together around the gun. The others formed a ring and looked on, shoving and jostling and making helpful remarks. "Get to hell out of it," said Freddie, who was having to cope with technicalities in two languages. They began to take the gun to pieces; they had to learn it by pure reason and the light of six candles and pass their knowledge on to us before the morning.

We sat on the heaps of oats, while in the middle of the room, around the little circle of light casting huge wavering shadows on the walls and ceiling, the experts bent over the prostrate and partially dismembered mechanism of the gun, delving into its entrails with the intense concentration of a group of surgeons gathered around some particularly intricate and rare operation.

We could not see what they were doing, but it was possible to follow the course of their investi-

gations by the passionate arguments that broke out all the time.

After about four hours a number of us had learned something; we would probably be able to fire the gun, and deal with the elementary stoppages in a fumbling way. They were the most extraordinary machines—beautifully made, insanely complicated, the lock (whose principles we never really understood) working on a system of cogs that had the complexity of one of those old-fashioned clocks whose mechanism also indicates the days of the month and eclipses of the moon. But what distressed us most was their weight, for we would have to run with them and it didn't seem possible.

The General.—The real basis of our grumbling was not so much that we'd got guns that we couldn't cope with and were no good, but that with us were Lewis-gun specialists, men who had been army instructors, probably the only people in Spain who really did know about Lewis guns, and it was certain that there must be some knocking around somewhere in this war, probably in the hands of people who didn't understand them. Joe was working himself up into one of his states of virtuous indignation about this, when I walked a large general, with a cloak and papers and a real general's hat; and when he said "Hullo, boys" in English with an American accent there was a sensation. Joe was delighted, and so were all of us, and we told him what we thought about things, about the St. Etienne and how we ought to have Lewis guns.

He was a remarkable-looking man, large, with an easy manner, tremendously strong face, humorous eyes, deep voice, face like a rock; a man that exhaled a sense of power and reliability. I thought he was a fine chap, the first general that I'd ever come across who looked as a general ought to look.

He agreed about the St. Etienne, and made a crack about us complaining when it was our own British government's fault that proper arms couldn't be shipped into Spain. But he said maybe there were some Lewis guns: he'd find out and get hold of them. We all looked pleased, and he said, "I'm not promising you anything—only if they are there you shall have them tomorrow."

And he went, leaving a tremendous impression.

"Who is he?" I asked Richter, who had been listening to the English talk with a knowing air.

"It's Kleber," he said in an important voice.

No one had heard much about him then. He was the commander of the whole brigade; no one knew his nationality or where he had come from: there were only rumors and stories, and a feeling that he would do great things.

"Well," I said. "He looks a good sort of chap to me. He looks the best sort of general I've seen yet."

And everyone agreed, but there was a certain amount of skepticism about the Lewis guns.

After I had taken my turn at the St. Etienne I lay down on the oats and dozed for half an hour. At two o'clock we were given the order to fall in. The

kits were packed, the ammunition boxes distributed, the guns dismantled. Because I was large I had the honor of carrying the main body of one of the St. Etienne, weighing about a hundred and fifty pounds.

We filed out into the road and formed our ranks. The rain and the wind had gone, and the night, though cold, was pleasant. There was a tremendous activity in the darkness, endless crunch of marching feet and rumble of motor trucks and armored cars; rows of field guns and tractors were drawn up in the road.

And somehow, at that instant, without anything's having been said, we knew that something was beginning, a great moment was being entered on.

The first battalions of the International Column now were all prepared, collected together, and going up to the Madrid front.

Entry into Madrid.—We weren't long in the train, about twenty minutes, in which we sat leaning forward in our seats, tense, waiting, until there was the clatter of switches and a sudden hollow reverberation that told us we were in a big station, Madrid.

There were many trains drawn up, no lights, a tense and secret air strangely out of keeping with the familiar domesticity of the station architecture. As each section got out, it formed up and marched off. We were getting to be able to do this with automatic efficiency now. Outside the station we piled arms and waited. A light drizzle fell. After a little the sky became faintly gray. The tenseness and the sense of anticipation had gone. We were very tired—it was the third successive dawn that we had seen after a broken night with only a few hours' sleep or none at all.

More troops arrived, the artillerymen of the Fifth Regiment. The station approach and courtyard was crammed with men. Soon we were able to see one another's tired unshaven faces, and the dense mass of the artillerymen drawn up against the station wall, the lines of their cloaks and leaning bodies forming a single mass like a long bas-relief frieze.

Opposite was a big hotel. I didn't know what part of the city we were in. The artillerymen began to sing; some came across to us. They were very cheerful, full of the surprising irresponsible gaiety that the Spanish can suddenly summon up on the most depressing occasions. And although they knew nothing but rumors to which we replied scornfully but of whose truth we had an unhappy instinctive conviction, there was a sense of disaster in the air. We heard that the fascists had broken through and that fighting was actually taking place in one part of the city.

Soon after the drizzle had stopped we formed up and marched off. It was still early, not many people were about. They cheered us and others leaned from windows and shouted. But there was a sense of unhappy apathy everywhere, a feeling of almost hopeless exhaustion.

Ours was no triumphant entry. We were a last, desperate hope, and as, tired out, ill equipped and hungry, we marched through the windswept streets, past the shuttered shops and the food lines, I thought that the hurrying people on the pavements looked at us as if we were too late and had come only in time to die.

First Fire.—In the road stood a row of the now familiar green Russian motor trucks. Some were loaded up with men and drove off. Our number one and three sections went with them, while ourselves and the number-two section remained, waiting on a patch of flat ground covered with bushes and thin grass that was opposite the main entrance of the Faculty of Philosophy and Letters in University City. Ammunition was being unloaded from some of the trucks, and then Fred came up and said that there were some Lewis guns for us. And we went with him and took them. There were eight, American made, not very old and in fairly good condition. We were delighted, full of kind feelings for Kleber. Joe and Steve, our experts, looked them over with critical tenderness, and then blankets were spread out on the ground, bits of rag procured, and we began to take the guns down and clean them. While this was being done Freddie was rearranging the gun crews. Some of us, including myself, knew nothing about Lewis guns, and Joe took us aside with one of them and began to give us a lesson. They were very simple and we were getting on

nicely when there was a cry of "*Aviación!*" and we scattered and lay in the shadow of the bushes.

Four huge Italian bombing planes passed slowly overhead. These were the famous Capronis. It was the first time we had seen them. They were black, the noise of their engines deep, slow and menacing, their shape sinister, casting fleeting deathly shadows across the ground like those of enormous hawks. They passed over and then we heard the splitting roar of bombs and saw dense pillars of brown smoke rising in the distance. They had exploded about a quarter of a mile away, but the noise was appalling.

We went back to our gun, and they came over again, three times. We were anxious to finish with our lesson, so we stayed where we were and went on with it; this annoyed a lot of people who shouted to us to take cover, and we were annoyed too, because there didn't seem much point in it and we wanted to learn the gun.

The last time they came the bombs fell quite close, the whole earth shook and the worn grass in the field bent beneath a blast of hot air. About two hundred yards away a small building was in flames. I had been waiting to feel frightened, but each time the bombs fell before I knew, and then when it was over I thought that I had only felt excited.

JOHN SOMMERFIELD.

A second instalment of "Volunteer in Spain" will appear in an early issue.—THE EDITORS.

Origins of Socialism

IV: *Enfantin and the American Socialists*

THE PECULIAR combination of qualities which we find in Saint-Simon, Fourier and Owen is something characteristic of the time. Their counterpart in literature proper is Owen's friend, Shelley. All were distinguished by lives of a pure and philosophical eccentricity; by a rarefied rhetoric which today seems inspired; and by fundamental social insights which were to remain of the highest value.

We have seen in such later French historians as Michelet, Renan and Taine, how this rhetoric was to grow more gaudy and to solidify in hypostatized abstractions. The industrial-commercial system whose tendencies had seemed to the earlier prophets so obviously inhuman and unpractical that it would be quite easy to check and divert them, was coming to take up the whole space, and absorbing and demoralizing critics. The future was no longer a free expanse which men like Fourier and Owen could assume as a field for innovation. The bourgeoisie were there to stay, and the typical social critic was the much-respected professor to whom the in-

sights of Saint-Simon, Fourier and Owen were as alien as their fantastic behavior. If he was a brilliant professor, he was able to edify his audience by sending up bright capitalized ideals—Taine's Honor and Conscience, Matthew Arnold's Culture—in the nature of banners or balloons. Insisting more and more on individual liberty, such thinkers became less and less bold. It is curious to compare, for example, the personal recklessness of Saint-Simon, who believed that the rights of the individual should be limited in the interests of the community, with the personal timidity of Taine, who insisted that individual Conscience and the private operation of industry should be free from interference by the State.

The failure of the doctrines of Saint-Simon in the hands of his disciples after his death is interesting in this connection. Saint-Simon had, as I have said, come to believe that the new society could never be brought into being without the help of a new religion; and he had asserted that he spoke "in the

name of God." One of his disciples, Olinde Rodriques, a young Jew, who had been present at Saint-Simon's deathbed and who had received his last words on religion, assumed the role of consecrated apostle, and there grew up a Saint-Simonist cult.

It was not, however, Rodriques, but a French engineer, Prosper Enfantin, who eventually became the leader of this cult. The Saint-Simonists in 1825, the year of Saint-Simon's death, began by publishing a paper which aimed to recruit the working class to a program of collectivism, internationalism and the abolition of private property and tariffs; the idea of the enslavement and exploitation of the working by the owning class appears already fully developed in their writings. But gradually Enfantin became persuaded to consider himself a Messiah, and he and another of the disciples became the "Fathers" of the Saint-Simonist "Family." One morning at half past six, before Enfantin was out of bed, he was visited by a man named D'Eichthal, a member of the brotherhood and also a Jew. D'Eichthal was in a state of extreme exaltation: he had been to communion at Notre Dame the night before, and there it had been suddenly revealed to him that "Jesus lives in Enfantin," and that Enfantin was one of a holy couple, the Son and Daughter of God, who were to convey a new gospel to humanity. Enfantin at first was cautious: until the appearance of the female Messiah, he told D'Eichthal, he could not name himself nor could he be named, and in the meantime he begged his apostle to allow him to go back to sleep. D'Eichthal accordingly left him, but almost immediately returned again, again waked Enfantin up, and insisted that the hour had struck: that Enfantin must proclaim himself the Son of God. Enfantin now arose, put on his stockings in silence and announced, "*Homo sum!*"

Thereafter Enfantin was known as "Christ" and "Pope." The Saint-Simonists adopted special costumes and elaborated religious rites. Enfantin grew a beard in evident imitation of Jesus and displayed the title "*Le Père*" embroidered on his shirt across his chest.

In Paris the Saint-Simonists were persecuted by the authorities, who closed their meeting hall. Enfantin took forty disciples and retreated to Ménilmontant, just outside the city, where he established a sort of monastery. They wore red, white and violet costumes and did all their own work. "When the proletariat presses our hands," they said, "they will feel that they are calloused like their own. We are inoculating ourselves with the proletarian nature."

But charges were now brought against them—it was the reign of Louis-Philippe—of preaching doctrines dangerous to public morality. *Le Père* Enfantin was made to serve a short sentence in jail, which broke his morale as a Messiah. He did not have the true fanatic's capacity, the capacity of Mrs. Eddy or Joseph Smith, for deceiving himself and others: he had kept waiting for the female Messiah, who should finally make the world believe in him and who should make him believe in himself. And now

he returned to his trade, to the practical field of engineering. Saint-Simon had been strongly convinced of the future importance of engineering and had included the engineers among the groups who were to be entrusted with the supreme control of society. At the time of his visit to America, he had made an effort to interest the Mexican viceroy in the project of cutting a canal at Panama. And now Enfantin, during a trip to Egypt, did his best to promote what appeared to him the equally sound idea of cutting a canal at Suez—a service for which, when the canal was undertaken, he got scant recognition from de Lesseps. Finally he became a director of the Paris and Lyons railroad and played the leading role in its consolidation, in 1852, as the Paris-Lyon-Méditerranée.

In Prosper Enfantin, therefore, the gospel of Saint-Simon had produced one of the most bizarre, one of the most apparently incoherent, careers in history. Beginning as the Son of God, he had ended as a fairly able railroad director. Yet Enfantin's religion and his railroads were both justified by the teaching of Saint-Simon: for the new rapid transportation was a means of bringing people together, and a merger was a step toward unification. But the difficulty for Enfantin was that, on the one hand, he was much too hard-headed, too rational, too French, to dissociate himself from society and to identify himself with God, as the saint does; and that, on the other hand, as things were going, there seemed to be no way for the practical engineer, the manipulator of railroad combinations, to connect his activities with the religion of humanity.

None of these political idealists understood the real mechanics of social change nor could they foresee the inevitable development of the system which they so much detested. They could only devise imaginary systems as antithetical to the real one as possible and attempt to construct models of these, assuming that the example would be contagious. This was what the word *socialism* meant when it first began to be current in France and England about 1835.

But it was the United States, with its new social optimism and its enormous unoccupied spaces, which was to become the great nursery for these experiments. The split between the working and the owning classes, with the resultant organization of labor, was already quite marked in the American republic by 1825; the immigrants from feudalism and famine in Europe were finding in the crowded American cities new misery and new hard masters. And the socialist movement both relieved the congestion and revived the disillusioned political thinkers.

We have seen that Robert Owen came to America in 1824 and started an Owenite movement: there were at least a dozen Owenite communities; and Albert Brisbane, who had brought Fourierism back from Paris and had been given a rostrum by Horace Greeley in *The New York Tribune*, propagandized for it in the 1840's with such success that more than forty groups went out to build Fourierist phalan-

steries (which included Brook Farm in its second phase). This movement, which arose at the same time as the great tide of religious revivalism and which was entangled at various points with Transcendentalism, Swedenborgianism, Perfectionism and Spiritualism, persisted through the early fifties until the agitation for free farms in the West, culminating in the Homestead Act of 1863, diverted the attention of the dissatisfied from labor organization and socialism. It is hard to arrive at any precise estimate of the number of these communities, but there are records of at least a hundred and seventy-eight, including the religious communities practising communism, ranging in membership from fifteen to nine hundred; and Morris Hillquit, in his "History of American Socialism," seems to believe there were many more, involving altogether "hundreds of thousands of members." The Owenite and Fourierist communities alone are supposed to have occupied some fifty thousand acres. There were communities entirely Yankee and communities, like the French Icarians and the German religious groups, made up entirely of immigrants. There were sectarian communities, communities merely Christian and communities full of Deists and unbelievers. There were communities that practised complete chastity and communities that practised "free love"; communities that went in for vegetarianism. Some aimed at pure communism of property and profit, and some—notably the Fourierist phalanxes—were organized as joint stock companies. Some, entirely discarding money, lived by barter with the outside world; some by building up industries and driving a good bargain. One follower of Owen, a Scotch woman, Frances Wright, founded a community on the Wolf River in Tennessee, which was intended to solve the Negro problem: it was partly made up of slaves whom she had begged or bought from their masters and whom the white members were to educate and set free.

One odd and very American development was actually an anti-communist community. A man named Josiah Warren, who had taken part in the Owenite community at New Harmony and who had come to the conclusion that its failure had been due to the idea of "combination" itself, evolved a doctrine of Individual Sovereignty and a program for Equitable Commerce. He first wandered about Ohio and Indiana, opening up a succession of "Time Stores, in which the customer paid in cash the wholesale cost of his purchase, plus a small percentage for the upkeep of the store, but paid with a "Labor note" for the amount of time consumed by Mr. Warren in the transaction. He handed this idea on to Robert Owen, who tried a large-scale labor exchange in London. Later on, Warren founded on Long Island the village of Modern Times, which was to give scope to Individual Sovereignty in property, occupation and taste. There were to be, as Warren announced, "no organization, no delegated power, no constitutions, no laws or by-laws," no "rules or regulations but such as each individual makes for himself and

his own business; no officers, no prophets nor priests." If they had meetings, it was not for the purpose of agreeing on common plans, but merely "for friendly conversation," for music, for dancing or for "some other pleasant pastime." "Not even a single lecture upon the principles upon which we were acting" had ever "been given on the premises. It was not necessary; for, as a lady remarked, 'the subject once stated and understood, there is nothing left to talk about: all is action after that.'" The village of Modern Times in turn proliferated Henry Edger, who became one of the ten apostles appointed by Auguste Comte, a disciple of Saint-Simon, to preach the scientific religion which he called Positivism and who later attempted a Comtist community; a man named Stephen Pearl Andrews, who developed a system of "Universology" and an intellectual and spiritual hierarchy called the "Pantarchy"; and a Dr. Thomas L. Nichols, who published an "Esoteric Anthropology," inaugurated the Free Love movement by bringing out a list of the names of persons, scattered all over the United States, who were looking for and wished to become "affinities," and ended up as a Roman Catholic.

"Seating myself in the venerable orchard," said a visitor to the Trumbull Phalanx in Trumbull County, Ohio, in the August of 1844, "with the temporary dwellings on the opposite side, the joiners at their benches in their open shops under the green boughs, and hearing on every side the sound of industry, the roll of wheels in the mills, and many voices, I could not help exclaiming mentally: Indeed my eyes see men making haste to free the slave of all names, nations and tongues, and my ears hear them driving, thick and fast, nails into the coffin of despotism. I can but look on the establishment of this Phalanx as a step of as much importance as any which secured our political independence; and much greater than that which gained the Magna Charta, the foundation of English liberty."

With their saw mills and grist mills and flour mills and their expanses of untried acres, with their communal dormitories and dining halls, they achieved some genuinely stimulating, harmonious and productive years, but more quarreling and impoverished failures. A very few of these communities lasted longer than a decade, but a great many never completed two years. They had against them sources of dissension within and pressure of public opinion from without, incapacity of lower-class groups to live up to socialist ideals and incapacity of upper-class groups to adopt themselves to manual labor. And all kinds of calamities befell them: fires and typhoid epidemics. A creek would overflow on swampy ground and they would all come down with fever and ague. They would be baffled by land which they had had the bad judgment to buy while it was under snow. They would start off with inadequate equipment or insufficient supplies and never be able to make them go round; or with debts which would get heavier and heavier and finally drag them down. They would get into legal difficulties about

their land titles; they would be unbusinesslike and make messes of their accounts. They would be disrupted by the bigotries of the religious and by jealousies among the women. They would suffer, as was said by a member of the Marlboro Association in Ohio, from "lack of faith in those who had the funds and lack of funds in those who had the faith"; and from "accepting the needy, the disabled and the sick." They would end up in acrimonious lawsuits brought by members against the association; or in the event of their actually having been able to increase the value of their property, there would be members unable to resist the temptation to speculate and sell the community out.

The story of the Icarians is a longer one. Etienne Cabet was a cooper's son to whom the French Revolution had opened the career of a lawyer and political figure. His loyalty to the revolutionary principles made him conspicuous and extremely uncomfortable to the Bourbon Restoration and to Louis-Philippe alike; and as he found himself consigned to remote posts, persecuted for his opposition in the Chamber and finally given his choice between imprisonment and exile, he was driven farther and farther toward the extreme Left, which was still represented by the old Buonarroti, the great-nephew of Michael Angelo who had been a companion-in-arms of Babeuf. During his exile in England, Cabet composed a novel called "*Voyage en Icarie*," which described a utopia on a communist island, where the inhabitants enjoyed a progressive income tax, abolition of the right of inheritance, state regulation of wages, national workshops, public education, the eugenic control of marriage and a single newspaper controlled by the government.

The effect of this romance on the French working class during the reign of Louis-Philippe was so immense that by 1847 Cabet had acquired a following variously estimated at from two to four hundred thousand. These disciples were eager to put Icarianism into practice; and Cabet published a manifesto: "*Allons en Icarie!*" Icaria was to be in America: Cabet had become convinced that Europe was now past mending even by a general revolution. He had consulted Robert Owen, who had recommended the state of Texas, then just admitted to the Union and in need of population; and Cabet signed a contract with an American company for, as he supposed, a million acres. When the first band of sixty-nine Icarians signed on the pier at Havre, just before sailing, "social contracts," which pledged them to communism, Cabet announced that "in view of men like those in the advance guard," he could not "doubt the regeneration of the human race." But when the Icarians got to New Orleans, in March, 1848, they discovered that they had been swindled by the Americans: that their domain, instead of touching the Red River, was located two hundred and fifty miles inland in the midst of an untraveled wilderness, and that they were able to claim only ten thousand acres, and those scattered instead of all in

one piece. They got there, however, by ox-teams. Everybody came down with malaria, and the doctor went insane.

Cabet and other immigrants later joined them, and, after terrible sufferings and labors, they established themselves successfully at Nauvoo, Illinois, which had recently been abandoned by the Mormons (themselves in their Utah phase, up to the death of Brigham Young, an example of a successful coöperative community).

But though the Icarians did not dissolve until almost the end of the century, their moments of prosperity were modest and few. With all their efforts they seemed never to get ahead; they were dependent on money sent them from France, and after the 1848 Revolution, with its promise of national workshops, the enthusiasm for Icarianism declined—so that they were always dragging heavy debts. They cultivated the land in a small way, tried to produce everything they needed. It seems to have taken them decades to learn English. They were always holding political meetings at which they would deliver interminable French speeches. And they were repeatedly torn and split by dissensions. What was primarily at issue in these dissensions was the conflict between the instincts of the American pioneer and the principles of the French doctrinaire. Cabet, with his typically eighteenth-century mind, had worked out the perfect system which was sure to recommend itself to people because it was sure to make them happy. The utopia contemplated in his novel had had a president and a parliamentary system modeled on the French Revolutionary Convention and the American Constitution; but, once arrived in the actual community, he felt compelled to impose himself as a dictator. And he seems to have had none of the real spiritual superiority of a Robert Owen or a Noyes; he was the most bourgeois, and even petit bourgeois, of all the communist leaders. He had no real imagination for the possibilities of either agriculture or industry; and, always trimming the community down to the most cautious scale of small French economy, he forbade them tobacco and whisky, supervised their private affairs, and sapped the morale of the members by setting them to spy on one another. He finally became such a tyrant that they sang "*The Marseillaise*" outside his windows, and defied him in open meeting: "Have we traveled three thousand miles not to be free?" In 1856, a majority overruled him and drove him out, and the old man died immediately afterwards in St. Louis.

A second Icarian revolution cut the other way. The younger members, excited by the Workers' International and the Paris Commune of 1871, rebelled against the older elements, who had subsided into practical American farmers. They demanded equal political rights for women and the communization of the little private gardens which had become one of the principal pleasures of the old people's meager lives. And another secession took place, which ended in California and petered out.

The old Icarians—there were only a handful left—liquidated themselves in 1895. They were just like everybody else now, they said.

But by far the most successful of these experiments was the Oneida Community in New York State, which lasted for thirty-two years, from 1847 to 1879, on its original collectivist basis; and its leader, John Humphrey Noyes, was by far the most remarkable figure produced by the movement in America.

He came from Brattleboro, Vermont (he was born in 1811), from a family of some political distinction, and studied for the ministry at Yale, but began early to profess a heresy known as Perfectionism. According to the doctrine of the Perfectionists, it was not necessary to die to be saved: one could rid oneself of sin in this world. But a visit to New York City, where he had never been before, threw the young Noyes into a state of panic: he felt that the temptations of the flesh were dragging him to the threshold of Hell, and, unable to sleep at night, he would walk the streets and go into the brothels and preach present salvation to the inmates. Unlike the other socialists of his epoch (Joseph Smith is his religious counterpart), he was profoundly concerned with sex, and in the community which he afterwards founded developed a technique of love-making which, in avoiding actual intercourse and eliminating the danger of children, put love on a new communal basis. In some cases irregular children also came to be permitted. Beginning with the members of his own family, he exerted so powerful an influence over his followers and exercised so strict a discipline over himself that he was able to control these difficult situations and actually succeeded to his own satisfaction and to that of those respectable Vermonters in dissociating the idea of sexual enjoyment from the idea of Hell and sin, and so accommodating it among the elements of the state of salvation on earth.

Noyes, who was a man of real intellectual ability, carefully studied the other communities with the purpose of profiting by their experience and wrote a valuable book about them, "A History of American Socialisms." He came to the conclusion that their failures and their various degrees of success were due to certain definite causes. He perfectly saw the absurdity of a system like that of Fourier, which adopted certain abstract principles and then deduced from them an ideal community which could be put together in a vacuum and which would then begin to work automatically. In the first place, it was important to start out with members who knew and trusted one another. Then it was important not to go too far away from the big centers and not to depend too much on land, which was much harder to get an income out of than industry. Then it was very important for the master mind to live in and lead the community himself: it was Noyes's opinion that "a prohibitory duty" should be put on "the importation of socialistic theories,

that have not been worked out, as well as written out, by the inventors themselves. It is certainly cruel to set vast numbers of simple people agog with utopian projects that will cost them their all, while the inventors and promulgators do nothing but write and talk." But, most fundamental of all, neither socialism nor religion by itself was enough to make a successful community: you had to have both together; and you had to have an inspiration—what Noyes called an "afflatus"—strong enough to decompose the old family unit and to reassemble the members in the new organism, the new home, of the community. He believed that the most important practical example had been set by the religious communities of the Shakers, who had first settled at Watervliet, New York, in 1776, who had lasted and prospered through the whole nineteenth century, while, as Horace Greeley pointed out, "hundreds of banks and factories, and thousands of mercantile concerns, managed by shrewd, strong men, have gone into bankruptcy and perished," and who, as I learn from a newspaper as I write, still number, out of their maximum of nearly five thousand, six old men and one old woman. Noyes considered that the validity of the Shaker movement had been due to the fact that, like Mormonism and Christianity, it had been able to produce a second great leader to rescue it from the period of confusion after the death of its first leader, Mother Ann.

And he endeavored to realize these conditions in the case of the Oneida Community by taking full responsibility for everything himself, by developing a highly profitable steel-trap factory and other successful industries (one of which, Community Plate, still survives), and by keeping up the afflatus of the religious end. He was actually able in a late phase of the community (between 1869 and 1879) to put into practice a breeding system which he called "stirpiculture" and which involved the picking of mates and the prohibition of unions by a board of supervisors in the interests of the production of better children; and Noyes himself, though already in his sixties, became the father of nine. But he failed in the last of his conditions for success: he was not able to find a Brigham Young. As he grew old, the Oneida Community, with its dangerous stresses and strains, began to get out of hand; the parson raised a hue and cry against it; and it was obliged to give up Complex Marriage. Eventually, after Noyes had had to leave it, as a result of the dissensions which had set in, it relapsed into individual ownership.

It is significant that Noyes, who had thought more deeply and who had achieved a more remarkable success than any other of the early socialist leaders, should have been unable to find any hope for the future save in the very unrealistic notion that the requisite combination of socialism and religion might be made universally to prevail by the conversion of the "local churches" to communism.

Only a few weeks before I write, I read in my local paper of the destruction of a part of the

"phalanstery" put up near Red Bank, New Jersey, by the longest-lived of the Fourierist communities, the North American Phalanx, which adhered to its Fourierist form from 1843 to 1855. Here descendants of the original members still live on alone in the ragged New Jersey woodland in the same old long-galleried building, unpainted and gray now for decades but constructed with a certain grandeur on Fourier's specifications and so quaintly unassignable to the categories of either mansion, barracks or hotel; here they still put up tomatoes in the old factory, which, according to Fourier's provision, is removed at some distance from the phalanstery and concealed by an avenue of trees. Here, in the middle years of the last century, came Greeley, Dana, Channing and Margaret Fuller. Here the faithful from Brook Farm ultimately migrated; and here found refuge the political exiles from France. Here died George Arnold, the poet, who, brought up in the Fourierist community and having watched it go to pieces in his teens, would return to the old refuge all his life to write, among the honeysuckle or the crickets, his poems of epicurean loafing or elegiac resignation; and here was born Alexander Woolcott, who learned here whatever it is in him that compels him to throw up his radio engagement rather than refrain from criticism of the Nazis.

Here in the great wing, which had been growing unsafe and which has just been pulled down, was the communal hall where they ate, where they listened to lectures and concerts, and where they held banquets and balls, where the women both waited on table and danced and where they were proud to appear in skirts which reached only to the knees and with trousers like men underneath. Here was the center of that pastoral little world through which, as one of the Fourierists said, they had been "desirous of escaping from the present hollow-hearted state of civilized society, in which fraud and heartless competition grind the more noble-minded of our citizens to the dust"; where they had hoped to lead the way for their age, through their resolute stand and pure example, toward an ideal of firm human fellowship, of planned production, happy labor, high culture—all those things from which the life of society seemed so strangely to be heading away.

EDMUND WILSON.

This concludes the second instalment of a series with the general title, "To the Finland Station: An Essay on the Writing and Acting of History." It will be followed at an interval by a section dealing with the mature development of socialism at the hands of Marx and Engels.—THE EDITORS.

The Tories Attack through Steel

Girdlerism in Action at Youngstown

JIM EPERJESI is dead. They buried him today. A thousand workers' cars followed this Hungarian steel worker to the cemetery. It was the second steel worker's funeral that day. I never saw Jim Eperjesi, but, also wounded, I fell beside him, as he lay fatally shot, and I heard his groans.

The men killed in Youngstown were as needlessly murdered, the fifty wounded were as needlessly injured, as were the Chicago steel workers three weeks ago. The press and that section of Congress that has cried out in horror at Governor Earle for closing the mills to prevent bloodshed in Pennsylvania, and is so eloquent about the right to work, has been silent about a worker's right to remain alive, and quick to cry that the police shot in self-defense. Jim Eperjesi, the fifty-seven-year-old steel worker, was not shot in self-defense. He was fired on, point-blank, by deputies standing in a truck. I know because I was there. I stood beside the truck; I saw the flash and I heard the shots.

Jim Eperjesi is dead and buried and so is Georg Bogovich, and so are the ten Chicago strikers. Hundreds have been wounded and gassed. Here in Youngstown alone, more than 225 are in jail. All of them were caught up in a swirl of issues larger than the strike. This attack on organized labor, with

its shabby pretext of being willing to make, but not to sign, a contract such as 258 other steel firms have signed, involves far larger issues than the lives of a few thousand steel workers. It is the looked-for assault of big business on the Roosevelt administration.

The steel strike has emerged in its true colors as a major political offensive against the labor policies of the President. Its object is not merely to crush labor and go back to the despotism that for two generations has ruled the steel towns. The objective is larger. It is to split the Democratic Party over the issue of the CIO.

Throughout the country, there has been a careful portrayal of the CIO as a subversive communistic organization. There has been a premeditated identification of the President with the CIO. He is openly mentioned on all sides as its partner. He is pictured as the defender of the sit-down strike.

It is naïve to consider the present impasse in steel as the work of Tom Girdler and a small group of willful men. Every evidence points to Girdler's offensive as a planned attack on the administration by big business, an attack of which the independent steel companies are the spearhead. Behind them is the force of the United States Chamber of Commerce,

buttressed by the other powerful anti-administration forces inside and outside Congress.

The building up of the mail case to a national issue from a matter which the local postal authorities had described as "nothing to worry about," and the speedy hearing in Washington; the storm of disapproval of Governor Earle's closing of the Johnstown mills—these are all parts of the anti-administration battle that is splitting the Democrats from north to south. It is a fight to the death.

Jim Eperjesi was killed Saturday night, June 19. I did not see the first part of the fighting that night; I had been out in the country and when I got back, one man had already been killed, many were wounded and hundreds gassed.

With Scotty O'Hara, I went down Poland Avenue toward Stop Five, where the trouble had been going on. The street was dark. We walked through the drifting remnants of a cloud of tear gas, past a sparse line of pickets. A truckload of deputies went by us and were booed by the workers. Ahead of us there were a few dark figures—not enough to be called a crowd. Another truckload of deputies went by and stopped a little ahead. Suddenly, without the slightest provocation, the deputies opened fire on the strikers. I was glad that we were protected—as I thought—because we were behind the truck. Two men ran toward us and dropped at our feet. Scotty O'Hara also sprawled on the ground, and I thought he had done so to get out of the way of the bullets. I had better do the same thing, I thought, and the next I knew, I was lying on the ground myself near one man who was groaning and another who lay motionless. . . .

As I left the hospital after having the wound in my forehead closed and stitched together, other injured persons were pouring in. Automobile loads of them kept arriving. There was a little boy who was shot in the leg; three persons, two women and a man, sat in a row, all wounded. A woman lay motionless on a stretcher, staring up at the sky.

It was some time later before I found out just what had happened. This had been "Women's Day" in the strike, the first thing of the sort ever seen in the steel-mill country. Two thousand women had assembled at a meeting and had chosen nine "picket captains." Many of them wore arm bands with the words, "Woman's Brigade."

"We got tired of standing and someone brought us chairs from a nearby restaurant, so we could rest our feet," an elderly woman explained to me. The chairs, it seems, were a few feet across the line marking the limit of the company's property. Captain Richmond, who has been accused by the strikers from the start of trying to provoke them, sharply ordered the women to move on. Tired and resentful of his actions, they didn't move fast enough to suit him. Some of them talked back, which is a crime when a steel worker does it to a policeman.

Suddenly, the police fired tear gas point-black at the women. Among the scores who suffered from it

—and tear gas is a much more serious matter than most people suppose, often causing permanent injury to the eyes, nose and throat—was a four-months-old baby, which one of the women was carrying. In half an hour, 200 gas bombs had been exploded. The scene was like war, including flares hanging in the sky, burning with a blue flame and helping the police to aim their projectiles with the greatest effect. In spite of everything, the workers held their ground.

Monday night, the officials of the Republic and Youngstown companies announced that the mills would open next day. They did this in spite of the gassing and shooting of the night before, and in spite of the fact that the specially appointed Federal Mediation Board was sitting and that both Mediator Charles Taft and Secretary of Labor Perkins had asked that the status quo should be maintained. The air was heavy with approaching disaster. The strikers then sent their famous telegram to the President. Many private citizens sent telegrams of similar import. Ministers offered public prayers that bloodshed might be averted. All day long, people gathered on the street corners discussing what the morrow might bring. Three thousand truck drivers struck in protest against the steel companies' action. Meantime, workers from other cities, sympathetic to the strikers, began seeping into town.

At midnight, word came that the mediation conference had temporarily broken down. Tom Girdler refused to do anything except to reiterate his declaration that he would never sign. The anti-Roosevelt forces chose wisely when they picked him to carry the brunt of the fighting.

Late in the night, the workers were again massed in front of the mill gates, prepared for an all-night vigil. Among them were many who had been hurt the night before, by tear gas or bullets, but were back on the picket line, prepared to face whatever was ahead of them in the struggle for their jobs. At picket headquarters there was a busy scene. News came in by telephone and by messenger from other points throughout the area. Then suddenly we heard that there would be no battle after all. The mills would not seek to reopen next morning. The troops were coming.

Smiley Chatok stood before the dark crowd near Shop Fourteen and told them the news. He said: "Folks, everybody now he can go home quiet."

"Hey, we want to wait and see the troops come in," someone shouted.

"Sure, I know you want to see 'em, but better everybody she go to bed. Captain of police, he come and ask real nice—everybody he get off picket line, right now. Go home."

By morning, the troops were arriving on foot, a long, wavering line like a khaki-colored caterpillar. All through that night, and all the next day, strikers were being ferreted out in their homes and elsewhere, and arrested. While they were attending the funerals of those who had been killed, their houses and union headquarters were being searched for

dynamite and arms. One of the union offices was raided and the records were confiscated. "A steel worker could be arrested for having a penknife or a toothpick," the strikers said. One man was actually put in jail for possessing a fork. In all, 225 people have been arrested and locked up, with no charges preferred against most of them. The leaders like Smiley Chatok, Robert Burke (former Columbia University student) and John Stevenson, who had worked all night persuading the strikers to go home peacefully, are under arrest "for inciting to riot."

There matters stand as I write these lines. The National Labor Relations Board has a staff of investigators in Youngstown, who are looking into the charges made by the Steel Workers' Organizing Committee. The SWOC says that armed thugs and gunmen have been used to interfere with peaceful picketing, and that this has been done through collusion between the Republic company and the local mayor and sheriff. The SWOC further charges that the Republic company has maintained extensive arsenals in its plants in Youngstown, Warren, Niles, Canton and Cleveland. The extent of the Warren arsenal is already a matter of court record.

After the final breakdown of the mediation con-

ference, Governor Davey announced at midnight that the mills would reopen. During the night, foremen and mill officers phoned and visited workers' houses, telling them to go back to work. All civil rights had been denied the workers; their sound truck had been confiscated. Access to the radio, which all day had reported a return to work, was denied the union. The leaders were in jail. Confused and without communication with their leaders, many believed the strike was over and returned to work. In spite of state troops, county and city police and deputies used to break the strike, in spite of the radio's and the newspapers' insistence that the strike is lost, there is still a stubborn resistance among the majority of the workers.

Papers throughout the land are screaming about the anarchy of labor. The rule of big business in the mass industries has been the rule of anarchy. The La Follette committee and the findings of the NLRB have shown over and over again there is literally nothing, including murder, at which big business will stop to prevent labor from organizing. This offensive against Steel's labor—and against the President—proposes the resumption of rule by spy, thug and gunman.

Youngstown, O.

MARY HEATON VORSE.

Not in the Cables

Uncensored News Accounts of What Is Happening Abroad

Fascist Prelude in Japan

JAPAN'S new Premier offers an odd combination of most-ancient East with ultra-modern West. As Prince Fumimaro Konoye, president of the House of Peers and head of a family with a lineage as old as that of the royal line itself, he commands a semi-religious awe and respect from millions of loyal peasants, burghers and petty bourgeois who had to memorize his noble pedigree in school. Far from wrapping himself in the glories of Old Nippon, however, Prince Konoye is aggressively receptive to European ideas, including military and totalitarian concepts.

Konoye became Premier on June 1, 1937, when the curtain fell on the fierce Hayashi, who for 118 days had stalked across the stage rather uncomfortably. At that time the Japanese people were giving definite indications that they could no longer be distracted by mere marionette shows. The powerful backstage militarists, who since 1932 had operated ever so many short-lived puppet performances until they had to withdraw them from a disgusted audience, were compelled to send a flesh-and-blood Cabinet to the scene.

Twice before Konoye had been asked to take the

job; but he had thought the time was not yet ripe. Since then the army has been cleared, in the dramatic purge of February, 1936, of undisciplined elements. This spring—especially after the elections repudiating Hayashi—the parliamentary situation reached a point where a colorless figure could no longer cope with it. And although it was said that during recent years not a single national problem had been solved without Konoye's advice, he had managed to be under no suspicion of a definite policy. Spending most of his time in Karuizawa, a summer resort near Tokyo, he had quietly awaited his hour.

Not too quietly, though. With the prestige of the two big parliamentary parties on the decline, a new political alignment has been in the making for quite a while. A large fascist party, meant to embrace military and civilian extremists, propounding state control of industry and business and determined to emasculate the old parties and the parliament, is rapidly emerging. A vast underground movement for the creation of this new body has centered around the Prince. In fact, secret organizing meetings have been held in Konoye's private residence ever since the summer of 1936.

Now, to a people dead tired of stop-gap governments and longing for a stable, constructive regime, the forty-five-year-old Prince could safely be pre-

sented. A most excellent figure to usher in a new totalitarian epoch. Traditional barriers do not frighten a man who has traveled so widely, who is interested in Western sports and whose aggressive mind has been fed with a rather extreme type of Western literature. The ambitious "amateur" soon got down to business. He did not overlook the constitutional claims of the two old parties; but the only two party members he picked for his "supernational Cabinet of talents" happened to be closely connected with the emerging new party of his own. War and Navy Ministers of the old Cabinet retained their positions, and also Justice Minister Shiono, who had been nicknamed the Devil when he was prosecutor for the Tokyo Court. A man by the name of Kakichi Kwarada, son of the No. One steward in Konoye's house and an outright fascist, was made head of the Premier's personal staff.

When Tokyo's Wall Street learned of the new Cabinet, stock-market prices dropped from one to seven yen. But the fears of capitalistic circles were soon allayed by a government statement: "We do not want to make control our chief weapon; we want the people concerned to rise to the occasion and conform with the government's policies."

Konoye stands on a broader pedestal than any other Japanese Premier of the last few years. He has a good chance to achieve what he and his backers want: a monolithic country, a national-socialist synthesis that combines private initiative with controlling interference of a powerful totalitarian state. Before long, the dissatisfaction of the bourgeois class, the faint stirring of unrest in the ranks of Japanese labor, will be overtrumped by the noise of patriotic drums. For, as in all totalitarian societies, the people concerned will "rise to the occasion and conform with the government's policies."

ERNEST O. HAUSER.

For D. H. Lawrence

Here in the canker and mildew of our time
the sick man conquers. He is the walking birth
of all our deaths. He is the sublime
Hero, whose sun is dark upon our earth.

His being honored us. We asked no resurrection,
phoenix-shafted, no Holy Ghost for sin:
we were comforted by the wings that closed us in:
the symbolic night blinding our indirection.

We had found no shape in the shadows. We lacked the
fantasy
of our state. The night
gives secret passage. Then we were free
to storm our bodies, search us to delight.

Blindly we followed where he led. We heard
the key turn in the lock, his cry of rage:
in a dark glass seeing our own image
cry for the Light, the Hero and the Word.

HELEN NEVILLE.

Washington Notes

*Political Power of the Steel War—Mint
Juleps at Jefferson Island—The
Shipping-War Myth*

THE LAST ten days have slightly bettered Mr. Roosevelt's position in his struggle with the Democratic conservatives. Many observers here, however, think that there is little chance of Mr. Roosevelt's making progress in his fight with Congress until he first demonstrates his ability to force Messrs. Girdler and Purnell and their associated steel barons to obey the letter and spirit of the labor-relations act. Since the first sit-down in the General Motors plant in Flint, Michigan, last January, the CIO and Mr. John L. Lewis have influenced almost everything that has been said and done in Washington. The political importance of what is now happening in the steel towns of Ohio and Pennsylvania is far greater than anything taking place in Congress. There is no likelihood that the Democratic conservatives will relax their pressure against Mr. Roosevelt while the strike continues. Mr. Roosevelt has so far moved with great circumspection, but there is every evidence that, if need be, he will intervene publicly and decisively in the strike negotiations.

The passage of the general relief bill, in the form desired by the administration, was the chief gain made by Mr. Roosevelt last week. This victory, however, was due less to Mr. Roosevelt's own influence than to the unexpected fight in its behalf waged by Senator Schwollenbach. Mr. Schwollenbach, you may recall, was one of the Young Turks who undertook to protect the administration from the late Huey P. Long, and who hounded him into impotent silence at the last session before his death. Solid, amiable, almost painfully fair-minded and honest, Mr. Schwollenbach has shown he can fight like a bulldog. In the writer's opinion, he is among the two or three likeliest candidates for leader of a strictly New Deal bloc in the Senate, if Mr. Roosevelt ever decides that such a bloc should be formed. Meanwhile, the Young Turks are once more organized and ready to battle for Mr. Roosevelt's objectives.

As these Notes are written, it is too early to judge what advantage, if any, Mr. Roosevelt will gain from the free sandwiches and mint juleps handed around at Jefferson Island during the week-end. Unquestionably many members of Congress felt they had been neglected by the White House, and informal meetings with Mr. Roosevelt, if they could have been brought about naturally, would have soothed their vanity. But with Democratic whips at Annapolis grimly reminding each boatload of Congressmen to look merry and gay, the Jefferson Island outings were as lacking in spontaneity as a Hollywood elopement.

The writer has been unable to find a plausible explanation of Senator Joe T. Robinson's revolt against the relief bill last week. The commonest story is that Mr. Robinson had been informed by the White House that he would not be appointed to Mr. Justice Van Devanter's place on the Supreme Court, and that his opposition was an act of revenge. This seems to me altogether doubtful. While several close White House advisers are known to be against

Mr. Robinson, Mr. Roosevelt himself, according to the most reliable information, has given no sign of his intentions. Moreover, the chief obstacle to Mr. Robinson's appointment has been his past service as a utility lawyer, and particularly his association with Mr. Harvey C. Couch, head of the Arkansas Power and Light Company. It must be admitted that it is an odd coincidence that, at the very moment Mr. Robinson was leading his revolt in the Senate, Mr. Couch should have been arranging the final details of a contract with the TVA, and hearing himself hailed as the first utility magnate with a New Deal soul.

Lately there have been newspaper reports of an Anglo-American shipping war in the Far East. Cables from London have said that the recent British Imperial Conference spent many hours debating how to meet subsidized American competition. It has also been said that Chairman Joseph P. Kennedy's haste to announce the Maritime Commission's \$200,000,000 building program came from his desire to warn the British that we were prepared to fight.

The relevant facts can be briefly stated. There are two direct steamship services between the Pacific Coast and Australia and New Zealand, one operated by the American-owned Matson line, and the other by the Canadian-Australasian line, half of which belongs to the Canadian-Pacific railroad and half to the Union Royal Mail. The Matson company receives the subsidy given all American ships on approved routes; it has new, fast ships and has given the British line stiff competition. Recently the New Zealand parliament enacted a law—which has not yet been signed, however—prohibiting foreign ships to accept passengers and freight between New Zealand and Australian ports. This law was admittedly aimed at the Matson steamers.

On its face, this would appear to be a clear case of the clash of American and British imperialism. Experts here, however, point out that New Zealand and Australia lie approximately halfway round the world from London; it is about as quick and cheap for passengers and mail to travel eastward across the Pacific, the North American continent and the Atlantic as to travel westward through the Suez Canal. They also point out that the Union company, half-owner of the Canadian-Australasian line, is itself dominated by the great British-owned P. and O., which has a monopoly of the route through Suez. According to the experts, after the World War a controlling influence in the Union company was acquired by the P. and O.'s redoubtable chairman, Sir Alexander Shaw, and thereafter the British service across the Pacific was allowed to deteriorate, with the result that traffic was thrown to the P. and O. This continued until the Matson line established its present trans-Pacific service, whereupon Shaw, seeking to safeguard the Suez route, demanded discriminatory legislation from both the Australian and New Zealand parliaments.

At first, his efforts were unavailing. According to the experts, Australian and New Zealand shippers were entirely willing to see the P. and O.'s monopoly challenged, even by Yankees. However, with the coming to power of the present New Zealand labor government, Shaw saw his opportunity. He is supposed to have threatened the New Zealand sailors' union with the lay-off of several hundred New Zealand seamen unless his proposed law were enacted. The sailors' union has great influence with the New Zea-

land Labor Party, and the law went through its first readings with a whoop.

A struggle is in progress between two giant corporations, the Matson line and the P. and O., the experts agree, but there is no conflict between American and British imperialism. Shippers in England, Australia and New Zealand alike have no wish to present the P. and O. with a fresh monopoly. It is understood here that the efforts of the Imperial Conference were devoted, not to finding ways to fight American competition, but to persuading New Zealand not to proceed to the final enactment of its discriminatory law. The joke, however, would seem to be on American taxpayers, who, through present and prospective subsidies to the Matson interests, are helping so handsomely to maintain the principle of free capitalist competition primarily for the benefit of the British.

Washington.

T. R. B.

Other People's Money

*Who Puts the Tax-Evasion Features in the Law?
—Non-Resident Foreign Corporations—The
Transmogrification of Mr. J. Fuller Trix*

WHILE the committee investigating tax avoidance and evasion is functioning there is a point I should like to see investigated.

It must be remembered that many of these tax-dodging stunts are carried out under authority of the tax law itself. And so while the committee is pursuing the tax-dodgers, it ought to find out how some of the funny clauses permitting tax escapes get into the laws. There is one such loophole I should like to see traced.

If you are a citizen of the United States or an American corporation you must pay taxes on your capital gains. That is, if you buy stocks and sell them at a profit you will have to include the profit in your income—less the capital losses up to a certain point. And you will be taxed on those gains. But if you are a foreign corporation, non-resident in this country, you may speculate in stocks here and, no matter how great your gains, you need pay no income tax on them.

There are two very surprising features of this law. The first is this: an American citizen can go to Bahama or Bermuda or Canada or Lichtenstein or some other foreign country with favorable laws and incorporate himself as a personal holding company. In America he is Mr. J. Fuller Trix; but in the Bahamas he is the International Baloney Corporation. The corporation maintains no office in America but, through New York stockbrokers, it buys and sells stocks and makes a lot of money—maybe several million dollars. But although Brother Trix is a New Yorker, the International Baloney Corporation—which is his Bahama alias—is a "non-resident foreign corporation" and does not have to pay any taxes on capital gains. This is the first of the surprising features of this law. But the most surprising of the surprising features is this: that this law is a new one; *it did not exist before 1936 and it was put into the tax act of 1936 as a priceless New Deal gift to our tax system.*

And so, what I would like to know is this—who put that in the tax act? The clause making this law did not write itself. It is made up of an elaborate form of words which

very carefully exclude capital gains from taxation. And as there is a powerful group in Wall Street which has been yammering to get rid of income taxes on their gambling profits—sometimes called capital gains—and as this clause accomplishes that trick perfectly, we may be pardoned for wondering how that clause got into the law. It wasn't in the 1932 law. It wasn't in the 1934 law. Who put it in the 1936 law? And why? And how?

Now see how it was done. Under the law of 1934 the income of a foreign corporation, even though non-resident, was taxable at the same rate as the income of a domestic corporation. The gross income of a foreign corporation was computed under Section 119 of the Revenue Act the same as any other corporation's income. According to the regulations of the Treasury Department applicable to Section 231 of the Revenue Act, the capital gains of a non-resident foreign corporation were taxed the same as those of any other corporation.

Then in 1936 the following clause was put into the Revenue Act. Read it carefully:

There shall be levied, collected and paid for each taxable year, in lieu of the tax imposed by Sections 13 and 14, upon the amount received by every foreign corporation not engaged in trade or business within the United States and not having an office or place of business therein, from sources within the United States as interest (except interest on deposits with persons carrying on the banking business), dividends, rents, salaries, wages, premiums, annuities, compensations, remunerations, emoluments, or other *fixed or determinable annual or periodical gains, profits and income*, a tax of 15 percent of such amount, except that in the case of dividends the rate shall be 10 percent, etc.

Later the Treasury, in a ruling signed by Mr. Guy T. Helvering, held that

a non-resident foreign corporation under 231(a) is taxable only on *fixed or determinable annual or periodical gross income* received from sources within the United States. Its taxable income does not include profits derived from the effecting of transactions in the United States in stocks, securities or commodities (including hedging transactions) through a resident broker, commission agent or custodian or profits derived from the sale within the United States of personal property or real property located therein.

Now maybe this clause in the law was put in by some zealous New Dealer or perhaps sneaked in by some sly Old Dealer or by the pair of them, or perhaps it is the consequence of one of those accidents such as someone described resulting from a monkey's picking on the keys of a typewriter and producing a magnificent poem.

But I think the committee ought to know how this got into the law. It can find out. And when it does find out, it might like to know why a bona-fide citizen of the Bahamas can speculate in our stock markets and escape taxation on his capital gains while a citizen of the United States must pay, and above all it might like to know why Mr. J. Fuller Trix should be permitted to transmogrify himself into the International Baloney Corporation and thus enjoy the immunities of a native Bahaman. And I would like to know if Citizen Trix is a member of the Liberty League.

JOHN T. FLYNN,

Divided We Stand

THE PLAN of the Municipal Art Committee of New York City is to provide an annual event with the purpose of bringing together paintings and sculpture from all our states and territories, of providing as it were an exhibition of the expression of this nation's artists assembled. In the hope of presenting as completely as possible a cross-section of the creative art of our country, the Committee has invited the states and territories to forward to this exhibition such paintings and sculptures as, in their opinion, may truly represent the expression of their artists. We may be said to find, therefore, a collection of state exhibits.

Such an invitation to a state would, or certainly it might, be expected to bring about a stir of activity with regard to the work of its artists; and taking all the states together there might well be, on the invitation's receipt, a reaction and stir that might be nationwide. Throughout the country appear regional exhibitions, regional competitions; and the Governors of the states—the name of each is with great tact provided in the catalogue of the present exhibition at the American Fine Arts Building—appoint committees to decide on what method of selection shall be employed for the national exhibition. The pictures and sculptures selected by a state constitute a final selection; they are not further passed upon by a New York jury. It happens, therefore, that the exhibition, taken as a whole, may be said to a fair extent to represent the critical reaction and the creative temper of our whole country. Not too hotly of course.

The committee has also indicated that a general effort will be made to avoid duplications from year to year; so that we may well hope to escape the dire results of some continued respectability, kudos, or security that would keep on hand season by season the identical boys and girls of yesteryear and after, whiskers, hips, medals and all. The change of Governors in a state may well imply a change in mood or taste or desperation. The exhibition choice of the moment may or may not be passing or unworthy or capricious, but it is bound, to some extent at least, to be indicative. At any rate the selection of pieces for the national exhibition will never be fixed or for long be dictatorial.

To base the number of its shown paintings on a state's population, which is the method used, may seem mechanical, arbitrary; but to do otherwise merely brings in other elements, a scale of merit, for example, or fads holding in New York, or solid positions among artists, and so on and so on. Such considerations have no end. The best way to take this exhibition is as a manifestation in this given region of sculpture and painting of our general life, and to accept it for whatever pleasure we may get out of it. Trying to force sectional meanings out of sectional catalogue lists will be to some extent a waste of time, though a pleasurable avoidance of seeing with your eyes what is there before you. There are, however, certain subjects most recognizable for certain sections: for example, the bison and his habitat, or the cactus, Negro, lotus, salmon or harvester or Spanish moss. From that on we may say that the discussion is endless, for the matter of style comes up. The sectional elements in the subject may easily disappear in the treatment—the mere use of the brush, for example, or of a prevailing tone, may show that the artist is thinking

about the subject in a way that nobody in its section ever dreamed of or would admit. This, of course, is nothing against his work as art, since the subject of the painting lies within the artist's brain and self; and what the actual and sectional provides is his material.

Like most art talk all this merely serves to get us into a lather. Nevertheless, it is interesting to see from such a national exhibition as this at the American Fine Arts Building what the artists who live in places, or resort to them, or at least are admired by the Governor there, or the Governor's committee, or even the Governor's lady, since culture with us so often lies on the lap of the goddesses, are about. You should not be bored to see what Cézanne can do to a prairie or sand-dune, or Renoir to an all-American loin, or Chirico to a frozen horse (egg tempera, H. D. Jones); or for that matter what the dune, loin or horse frozen can do to Cézanne, Renoir and Chirico. *Nous sommes quelquefois aussi différents de soi-mêmes que des autres.* We may also reflect upon how a good painter at his worst is sometimes worse than his imitators.

It seems there are around five hundred works in this exhibition, though not quite that many styles: Europe and fragments of American initiative have not provided that number. Elements of original style, nevertheless, appear; and there are passages in some of the paintings that stir the imagination and are fresh with the individual and solitary touch. There are moods indicated and sometimes almost rendered that are rich with life. And there are things seen and recorded that—though inferior to some of the things and artists deliberately forgotten—are at least as good, in spots even better, than some of those deliberately remembered. Elements of able craft, and sometimes of beautiful painting *per se*, appear; though it might be argued, might it not? that painting in that respect might be taken rather as craft. Perhaps what is needed is some great artist who could gather such skill, labor or proficiency, into his school or bottega, or factory, as you choose to call it, and turn all into the execution of his own significant, and inclusive, conceptions. To say of such painters as these skilled exhibitors that they express themselves may be flattering to their egos, but is most unfair to their craft or skill, which stands ready to serve a content more notable. We can say one thing of much American technique in the arts: it may or may not have anywhere to go, but it knows how to get all dressed up, something not to be easily despised.

To mention names and painters is well enough for a notice the day after the exhibition's opening, but could serve little purpose in a journal weekly and without illustrations. I might speak of the "Jubilee Singers," by Rella Rudolph of Alabama; "Creepers," by Clarence Carter (Ohio), "Flood Prelude," by William Houlistan Jr. (Texas), "Jury for Trial of a Sheepherder for Murder," by E. L. Blumenschein (Arizona), or the Scenes, by Henry Schnakenberg (New York) and Xavier Gonzalez (Louisiana).

The continuation of the exhibition well into the summer is a good thing; for it should belong to the thronging visitors even more than to New York. I may say also that if I happened now to be fighting the battle of some particular style or name in art, I might have seized this show and salted and peppered it to taste. And for certain of these exhibiting painters I may add that what they need most, in

order to be strong, collector's artists, is to repeat, repeat, repeat, in some single style adopted, and get some dealer repeating, repeating, repeating, and some critic repeating, repeating.

STARK YOUNG.

The Bandwagon

If I were sure that the next world war would produce as much good literature as the Trojan war, I would take personal responsibility for starting it.—*Professor William Lyon Phelps, speaking at commencement exercises of Drew University, as quoted in The New York World-Telegram.*

Signora Addolorata of Pilato, thirty-eight-year-old grandmother, today gave birth to her twelfth child. Fascist newspapers lauded her as "unceasing and exemplary."—*From a Milan, Italy, dispatch, published in The Washington Daily News.*

Kathleen Norris, author of sixty-two novels, said today she believes the romance of the Duke of Windsor and his American duchess is doomed to failure. . . . Mrs. Norris said Americans have never had such a thing happen where a President tried to take another man's wife. . . . If he had attempted it, he would not only hear from the people, but from the Federation of Women's Clubs.—*From an Associated Press dispatch in The Philadelphia Record.*

Cardinal Goma, Roman Catholic primate of Spain, appealed to the primates of Great Britain, France, Holland, Belgium and Mexico to take care of Spanish Basque children evacuated from Bilbao. He said that many of the children had been taken into non-Catholic homes and that he was afraid they would receive an anti-Christian education.—*From an Associated Press dispatch published in The Detroit, Mich., Free Press.*

GREASE, IT'S WONDERFUL!

A building permit to erect a gasoline service station adjacent to the \$750,000 Shrine of the Little Flower, was issued by the city today to Reverend Charles E. Coughlin. . . . The station will be known as "The Shrine Super Service."—*News item in The Philadelphia Record.*

THE CHOSEN RACE

"Perhaps it was God's judgment that a great many other states should have the recent terrible flood from which Maryland was spared," wrote Stuart Bruchey to The Evening Sun on Friday, referring to Maryland's law requiring jurors to believe in God. Most other states have no such requirement, it is said.—*News item in The Baltimore, Md., Sun.*

BEHIND-THE-NEWS DEPARTMENT

Timed to lend the greatest support to the waning CIO movement in the United States, three Russian flyers were speeding tonight toward Oakland, California, goal of their 6,000-mile non-stop flight from Moscow.—*Special dispatch from San Francisco to The Chicago Tribune.*

Our readers are invited to contribute to this column and \$1 will be paid for each item used. Address The Bandwagon, care of The New Republic.—THE EDITORS.

C O R R E S P O N D E N C E

Madariaga Protests

SIR: On leaving New York the other day, a friend brought me a copy of *The New Republic*. A welcome present. But on page 90 (June 2, 1937, is your official date) I regret to find, for the second time, to my knowledge, a reference to me made in words which I find difficult to understand, coming from so fair and enlightened a paper. It occurs in your editorial on "The Proposed Spanish Truce," a subject on which, let me say, it is impossible for me to prevent people from using my name. And now, in your own words:

Now once again they [the British government] are bringing forward their proposal for a "neutral" regime in Spain headed by a safe conservative like Madariaga—a regime that would be equivalent to fascism without the fascists.

This, Sir, is not fair to me—nor to your readers, nor indeed to yourself. Either you read me or you don't. If you don't, your opinions about me are arbitrary and irresponsible. If you do, how can you describe me as a "safe conservative" or indulge in that wild description of a wildly hypothetical regime merely to dub me a fascist? I have never budged from my belief that freedom of the press is an essential prerequisite of a civilized country. Such a belief is the core of my latest book. I have spent half a year in the United States promoting a world association wholly incompatible with fascism. Then, what do you mean? Are you also afflicted with the mental color-blindness that is making millions of morons in our dismal world unable to see anything that is neither red nor brown?

Moreover, I have been available—off and on—in New York for about six months. You have not made the slightest attempt to enquire at the source where I stand on the Spanish issue—and I do not suppose that you fall into the vulgar error of imagining that a man with a sense of responsibility can—whatever the temptation—express at all times all his opinions on all burning subjects to all the winds in all the papers. But I would have had pleasure in putting them before you.

Now, you have a perfect right not to see me, and not to read me. But then, you have a perfect duty not to mention my name—or at any rate to print it without labels which, in the circumstances, are bound to be arbitrary and capricious.

May I express, Sir, my cordial regrets at all this?

SS. "Paris," at sea.

S. A. MADARIAGA.

Bolshevism v. Menshevism

SIR: The number of trusted Bolsheviks executed in the last eight months exceeds the number of Jacobins guillotined after the fall of Robespierre. It is not Left Oppositionists, or "Trotskyists," that Stalin is shooting, but Bolshevik leaders, all of them, left and right. He calls them Trotskyists because Trotsky is the sole leader in a position still to defend the Bolshevik idea. That idea grew up in conflict with "Menshevism," and was epitomized in the slogan "All power to the Soviets!" based on a policy of "non-coöperation with bourgeois liberals." The slogan of Stalin's Constitution, "All power from the Soviets—back to parliamentary democracy!" is its direct opposite, and would be so even if the Constitution were really democratic. The same is true of his policy of consolidation in a common front with bourgeois parties in Spain and elsewhere. "People's Front" is nothing but a western name for Menshevism. To a Bolshevik the existing economic system in Russia could not justify abandoning the workers' soviets, for, notwithstanding documentary collectivism, wealth is distributed and enjoyed there much as it is elsewhere. And to a Bolshevik, Hitler and Mussolini no more justify abandoning the class line than did the Kaiser and the Mikado. Together with the leaders, the Bolshevik idea is wiped out, to the extent that it can be, within Russia and within the Russian-controlled Third International. The counter-revolution is accomplished.

All these facts, which will be obvious to the historian, are better understood by almost every low-brow rag in this country than they are by *The Nation* and *The New Republic*. Why is this? It seems to me it is because the editors of these papers, although at heart democratic liberals, have been deceived by their hope of Russia and despair of America into imagining they were Bolsheviks—or something near it. They have mistaken Russia's return to bourgeois standards for their own approach to proletarian revolutionism. They have mistaken their emotional dislike of "Trotskyism" for a loyalty to communism. It is a loyalty to bourgeois democracy, a rejection of the central Bolshevik idea, still defended by Trotsky, of armed proletarian class struggle against all bourgeois society. They always have disliked and rejected that idea, and they always will. And it would vastly clear the mental atmosphere if they would explicitly say this—to themselves and others—and say also that it is because he has abandoned the central idea of the Bolshevik party that they favor Stalin.

I cannot imagine a more naïve statement to make in the face of this counter-revolutionary massacre than that in your editorial of June 23, "Soviet Chills and Fever": "If the question is one of revolutionary policy, that pursued by the Soviet government seems to us more sensible and certainly more acceptable to adherents of progressive democracy than that advocated by Trotsky." Have you really forgotten that "revolutionary policy" in the sense given to that term by the October revolution and "progressive democracy" in your sense, to say nothing of democratic "sensibleness," are exact opposites? Have you forgotten that there were two Russian revolutions? It seems to me incredible that, as avowed intellectuals of no matter what persuasion, you should wish to continue to dwell in this mist.

Croton-on-Hudson, N. Y.

MAX EASTMAN.

Brazilian Investigation

SIR: On May 14 a committee of Isobel Walker Soule, Sasha Small, Gifford A. Cochran, James Waterman Wise, David Levinson and myself waited upon His Excellency, Oswaldo Aranha, Brazilian Ambassador to the United States, to inform him of the growing indignation in America at the suspension of the Brazilian Constitution and the alleged imprisonments and attendant cruelties that have resulted, and to appeal to him in behalf of a large section of the American people to urge his government to release its political prisoners.

In view of the fact that hundreds of thousands of Americans believe that in Brazil today there is a ruthless fascist dictatorship, that the Constitution has been set aside by reason of an alleged state of war, that without due process of law harsh sentences have been imposed upon all outspoken defenders of democracy, that political prisoners are deliberately exposed to suffering and likelihood of death, that brutal torturing and official murder are practised, and that news of the whole scandalous mess is suppressed by rigid censorship, we asked the Ambassador to permit an investigation committee to proceed to Brazil to ascertain either the truth of the charges against the present Brazilian regime or to clear it of these charges. To this request, His Excellency gave immediate and eager assent, assuring us that he would make it his personal responsibility to see that the committee should in every way be facilitated toward the accomplishment of its work in Brazil.

The work of determining the personnel of the committee and of financing it is being undertaken by the Joint Committee for the Defense of the Brazilian People. Those who have been troubled by the Brazilian situation, who, in the interest of democracy and humanity, want to do something about it, and who believe that the first step is to learn the truth, will contribute to that cause. Contributions should be sent to the Joint Committee for the Defense of the Brazilian People, Room 530, 156 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

ROCKWELL KENT.

New York City.

The Progressive Guinea-Pig

SIR: I am concerned to put one question to Keith, G.P. [The New Republic, May 19].

He says "... it is doubtful that Keith will ever possess even two-thirds of the real knowledge he might have acquired, for example, in an English public school."

What does he mean by "real knowledge"?

Could you induce him to tell me?

JOHN R. P. FRENCH, Headmaster.

Cambridge School, Kendal Green, Mass.

SIR: When I used the phrase "real knowledge" I was thinking of factual knowledge as contrasted with knowledge of methods of approach to knowledge of study techniques. I meant, specifically, the admirable background in history, literature and the classics that stands behind products of the top-notch English schools.

New York City.

"KEITH."

More about More

SIR: Some of us who were friends of Paul Elmer More have read with pain the inadequate account by Mr. Wilson and the frivolous account by Mr. Young of their visits with him [The New Republic, May 26 and June 9]. May I record a very different impression of Mr. More based on a knowledge of him over a period of years?

My first impression of him was not unlike Mr. Wilson's last. As a member of a small discussion group led by him in 1923 I was awed by his immense learning and abashed by his unwillingness to indulge in facile philosophical debate. But I can still reconstruct some of our conversations and I can realize now, as I did not then, how eager he was for the understanding and friendship of younger men and how largely the frigidity which has so impressed Mr. Young reflected the shyness and timidity of a solitary mind grown unaccustomed to easy social intercourse.

As the years went by several of us became increasingly well acquainted with Mr. More, meeting sometimes downtown over a cup of coffee, and later, when illness kept him at home, in his study. This study, which had impressed some of his visitors as the stern environment of an austere scholar, aroused in me increasingly a sense of human warmth and intimacy. No grim aloofness was to be found here, but friendliness unbounded, warm, genial and sensitive.

To suggest that Mr. More exemplified the professional or academic attitude in its typical forms is to indulge in a serious misconception, for he studied the classics, the religions of the East and philosophy not academically but as the source of deep insights, to provide him with a way of life. He was from first to last animated by the spirit of the Socratic quest for truth necessary to the enrichment of human existence. He was dogmatic only in the face of absolutes; "The Demon of the Absolute" is perhaps his most revealing shorter essay. He yielded to no man in rugged loyalty to the beliefs which were the product of a half-century of labor and reflection; this loyalty, however, was seldom doctrinaire and never complacent. His was a mind great enough and wise enough to be genuinely humble in the face of major perplexities, and militant only in the presence of superficial smartness, culpable ignorance and what he considered to be unwarranted dogmatism.

Princeton, N. J.

THEODORE M. GREENE.

From The New Republic Mail Bag

Norman Thomas calls our attention to the plight of Powers Hapgood and six others who were sentenced to six months in jail for aiding shoe workers in their strike in the Lewiston-Auburn area in Maine. They are still imprisoned for alleged violations of a sweeping anti-strike injunction by Judge Manser, and Mr. Thomas says that since the Supreme Court of Maine is now on vacation, it seems impossible to get the case properly reviewed by a higher court before the men are compelled to serve out their full sentences. He thinks the case sets a dangerous precedent and urges renewed efforts to obtain freedom for the men and a review of the case.

Despite the current wave of trials and executions in the Soviet Union, that country has two staunch defenders in Groff Conklin and Grace Wylie, both of whom write from New York City. Mr.

Conklin says it takes longer than twenty years to win a revolution and he marvels at the way the Soviet Union has weathered internal handicaps and outside pressure and continues to grow stronger and stronger. Miss Wylie thinks the Red Army will be more effective than ever, now that destructive elements have been removed from it.

Following an editorial paragraph in our issue of June 16 telling of the raid on the People's Bookstore in New Orleans we learn from the National Committee for the Defense of Political Prisoners that the confiscated material has been returned and the store reopened. Mayor Maestri has published what came close to being a public apology, and all charges against Julius Reiss, proprietor of the bookshop, have been dropped.

The Scottsboro Defense Committee, 112 East Nineteenth Street, New York City, has set aside July 1 to 6, the week in which the trials are scheduled to be resumed, as Scottsboro week, and urges religious, trade-union, fraternal and other organizations to help out with petitions, resolutions and contributions in the fight to free the Scottsboro boys. . . . The American Committee for Protection of Foreign Born, 100 Fifth Avenue, New York City, asks for support of a drive for contributions to enable the organization to continue its work through the summer. . . . The Julius Rosenthal Memorial Committee, 8 West Fortieth Street, New York City, is collecting funds to aid the Basque refugee children.

Dr. DeForest O'Dell, who may be addressed in care of Editor and Publisher, 1700 Times Building, New York City, is preparing a biography of the late Marlen E. Pew and tells us he would be grateful to hear from any persons who may have letters, papers, personal reminiscences or relevant material of any kind.

Viola W. Calder, executive secretary of Associated Film Audiences, 250 West Fifty-seventh Street, New York City, informs us that the first issue of the organization's news service, Film Survey, has just been published. The organization seeks to encourage the production and exhibition of films that "portray a true and socially useful picture of the contemporary scene."

I. A. Kniaz thanks us for conveying, in our issue of June 9, the news of the existence of a liberal publication, The Beacon, in his own city of Chicago and hopes the circulation of all progressive magazines will continue to grow. . . . Frank Sheridan, of Hollywood, poses a question: "If the watershed of a stream which feeds a river flowing into another state is denuded of trees, cannot the federal government find a lead in interstate law that might help prevent the destruction?"

The North American Committee to Aid Spanish Democracy announces that it will broadcast a debate between Michael Williams, editor of The Commonweal, and Leland Stowe, well known New York journalist, on the topic "Resolved: That Spain is ruled by a legitimate, constitutional and democratic government deserving of the moral and financial support of democratic America" over Station WNEW, New York City, July 7, 8 to 9 P.M.

What's on the Air?

President Roosevelt and Lord Tweedsmuir, Governor-General of Canada, are chief speakers on a program commemorating the seventieth anniversary of the founding of the Canadian Federation. Thursday, July 1, 10 P.M., CBS.

William Hinckley and others speak at the annual convention of the American Youth Congress. Saturday, July 3, 2:30 to 3 P.M., NBC-Red Network.

Harold B. Butler, director-general of the International Labor Office, reports the international labor conference in Geneva. Sunday, July 4, 1:45 P.M., CBS.

Special session of America's Town Meeting of the Air, with Senator Nye of North Dakota and Clark M. Eichelberger, president of the League of Nations Association, discussing the question, "Can America Remain Neutral?" Thursday, July 8, 10 to 11 P.M., NBC-Red Network.

Musical programs of the week include José Iturbi conducting the Robin Hood Dell concerts from Philadelphia, Thursday, July 8, 8:30 to 9:30 P.M., NBC-Blue Network; and the summer opera season from Cincinnati, Friday, July 9, 9 to 10 P.M., NBC-Blue Network.

All times given are Eastern Daylight Saving Time.

BOOKS IN REVIEW

The Poets Down Under

NOW WITH the summer publishing calms setting in there will be time at last for Eric Partridge's monument to popular speech¹—though to review any of the great dictionaries adequately would take a measure of time and space more in proportion with the almost inconceivable industry and scholarship that went into them. I haven't checked all the sources, have read and read without covering a tenth of it, but I should say this dictionary of English slang is the biggest and best work available.

To get a reader's normal objections over with, there is too much wading through "helluva," "jubileeve it?" "good-bye-ee" and like matter before you come to a nice direct Fowler touch: "'becos' is a foolish spelling employed by those who think it represents a solecism. . . . It rivals 'offen' in ineptitude." The labored and polysyllabic don't go well either, whether listed as "cultured slang" or not, and deserve oblivion: "amputate one's mahogany" for "cut one's stick," "the higher Malthusianism" for sodomy and "heaven tormentor" for one of a ship's upper sails. And I could stand more of the appropriate gusto that comes here and there: "'he-male,' a very manly fellow indeed, all confidence and coition." But there is fascinating stuff under every letter, and it is somehow pleasant if not practical to know that "Archibald" was

the air-bump over the Brooklands aerodrome next to the sewage farm: aviation: ca. 1910-14. Ex. youth's fondness for bestowing proper names on inanimate objects. (W.) Whence perhaps "Archie," q.v.

And I like to think of the good English sailors struggling with French pronunciation at the Dardanelles, when the "Henri IV" was there. "Angry Cat" was the compromise, which seemed to stick.

Partridge has incorporated all the available material from the fifteenth century on, consulting the specialized jargon of the schools, the army and navy, thieves, lawyers and showmen. He has catch-phrases and solecisms, the archaic, obsolescent and current of everything from the mildest colloquial to a finer collection of the ageless Anglo-Saxon short words and their couplings than was ever printed. All sorts of stuff brought back from an empire's corners too ("maskee" but not "dinghau," "savvee" but not "spik"); and the vocabularies of the dominions. United States slang is cited only where it has become naturalized, which is a pity, for we are grinding out hundreds of words above the English quota of assimilation. For the word "gun" they have got "gat" and "iron," but leave "rod," "roscoe," "oscar," "blow," "heater" and "dewey" out of it.

For the essential nature of slang we can take the word "honey-bucket" (Partridge says it came from Canada, where it was used for the soldier's night latrine pail—though I recall we had the term "honey-barge" for junks engaged in the fertilizer traffic peculiar to Chinese agriculture). That is a galloping little measure in itself; it runs out easily and with a bang; and it has the tough derisive attitude toward the solemn and unmentionable that makes slang. There could be theses written on language as an outlet for stored

resentments, but here it should be enough to remark the gallant tendency of men to whistle in the dark at fear and humiliation and squalor and want, and make up sardonic phrases for them. The more fearsome the fate or desperate the need, the more fertile their derision (for the love of woman, as you can find recorded here, men have thought up more terms for and more hilarious concepts of the female form and function than for any twenty things under the sun). There is simply an innate genius for irreverence, as witness the phrase "a bishop": "One of the largest of Mrs. Phillips' purses, used to contain the others" (a Mrs. Phillips' purse was not used for money).

When it comes to the business of epithet, epitaph, epigram, there is enough stuff to make writers despair. Here lies old grumble-guts, old forty-guts, old blubber-and-guts, he was a mooch, a bad hat, a lush, a pump-sucker (tee-totaler); "so squiffed he couldn't see a hole in a ladder," "he came in hot and heavy like a tailor's goose," "he wouldn't know his [etcetera] from a hole in the ground," "he wouldn't say [guess-what] if he had a mouthful"; "and there was I, [fiddlediddled] and far from home" (or "caught with my pants down"); "she sails like a haystack," "he squints like a bag of nails," "and *there's* a man with all his buttons on" (i.e., a smart one). Add "the quick and dirty" "cheap and nasty," "old hat," "the double-jug."

As between United States and English slang the shades of difference are endlessly interesting. Partridge lists "sleeper" as a tennis partner letting the other do the work; our show business uses the word to define a tune previously published, forgotten, brought in again as new. "Pooning" in English has something to do with propping a piece of furniture, whereas we used the same strange word (same derivation) for long-distance marble playing. They have "take a mike" where we have "take a gander"; "up in Annie's room" where we favor Maggie. They have "ring the bell" with the same metaphor in effect but with meanings less rash (alash). We go "big-mouth" one better with "fat-mouth"; and the slang of our Blues is behind their "fancy-man" with "easy-rider." They had "big-wig" (early C 18) and "big-pot" (Oxford, ca. 1850-60); then we sent over "big-shot" "big-noise," "big-gun," "big-bug," etc. They have a "benjy" for a weskitt and for some reason we have "benny" for an overcoat. They have "holding the baby" but not "holding the bag." They have "take the rap" and also (for to be dressed down) "to stop a blast," which is good. Pross but not pruntz, quiff and quim but no reference to poontang, dingle-dangle but not dingleberry, "snozzler" without "schnozzle." They've taken "over snow" as cocaine but "kicking the gong" is not known. "Beaver" came from there, also "howler" and surprisingly that phrase for putting something on the cuff, "hang it up," dates from 1725. I like "banjo" for bedpan; and if there's got to be any, I rather like the rococo effect they get for throwing-up: "flash the hash."

And a lot of old favorites turn out to be venerable indeed. "Where did you get that hat," "does your mother know you're out," "did she fall or was she pushed," and "Ballocky Bill the sailor." Add "jack in the cellar," "a long nose is a lady's liking." Add "Hell, said the Duchess when she caught her teats in the mangle."

The English vulgar has apparently developed a transposing of syllables more complicated than our pig-latin (their back slang and center slang), so that "tunec" be-

¹ A Dictionary of Slang and Unconventional English, edited by Eric Partridge. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1,016 pages. \$12.50.

comes printable whereas "untkay" is of course not. Also a fairly prevalent code of words in rhyming slang, so that "heart and dart" becomes an innocent substitute for what otherwise has to be looked up in the euphemism department, "pocket thunder" or some such. In general you get quite a picture of the strange uses of language, the life and death of words, carry-over of meanings, the gradual shift from bawdy to innocent (we can say "nuts" now) and vice-versa (we can't say—and—, fie fie). All sorts of fascinating things, including doubtful matters to pounce on.

Eric Partridge's approach is literary and this is sometimes in his way. Despite the sources he checked with, for example, he might have wondered about the construction of "rope-yarn Sunday" (naut.), which he lists as a Sunday holiday. In the current usage Sunday is a holiday; other days are not; when another day is declared a holiday for rope-yarn purposes you get rope-yarn Sunday, by a process of substitution that is the natural basis of slang. Also I wonder about his listing "double-header" as a coin with two heads and then giving no United States derivation for what the British may have taken over only in part—i.e., a "double-header" as a train with two engines. He lists only "double-headed" which is said of a train, etc. I doubt you can have the adjective very long without the noun, which usually takes precedence. "The happy-hunting ground" as a standard-English term for "favorable place for work or play" assumes, I should say, that James Fenimore Cooper and his background are standard English; and if "hang-out" (S.E. before 1811) is obsolete in English since 1934, then our gangster pictures haven't been getting around over there. The listing of "herring joker" might have caused less trouble in derivation if our "herring choker" had been considered. More research (or less) would have reduced speculation on the phrase "gone by the deep six" helpfully: the "deep" on the lead-line referred to measures thirty-six feet, and so the length of a burial plot doesn't come into it. Still on the water, the phrase isn't "jump a ship" but "jump ship," like "pump ship," which is given correctly. And the listing under its original meaning of the word "hubris" is hardly seemly in a slang dictionary. And if the description of IWW men as "wobblers" was not a proofreader's error, you can throw that in too. But these are petty things.

Slang is the speech of the people, but its coinage and best use seems to be the work of a slim but anonymous aristocracy within the vast popular body. Everybody uses it, of course; but so many use it in a tired dull way, without the taste of language sharp in their mouths. There are those who use it with the Timid Quote; those (like Dorothy Parker's coney-island wit) who make a whole line of chatter out of standard sallies and come-backs; there are those who would shine with it but are too muddy for polish, applying the catchphrase of the day ("tweedle-dee O you kid," "so's your old man," "and how") to any and every situation, robbing the phrase of edge and finally smothering it with sheer weight, like a sow on a litter. But here and there, along the waterfront, in bars where the truck drivers hang out, in a gang of dance musicians or sportswriters or minor gangsters, you will hear a man who uses it creatively, picking his words for precision, economy, color and sheer explosion. He raises the level of his group, and it is in groups like these—even though many of them never coin anything that gets out generally—that the best salty usage is kept alive and fresh and breeding. Poets are helpful to a language; but when it comes to clarity, vivid image and (above all) the euphonic simplicity needed to make a concept actually jump, they aren't a patch on the obscure collective genius that has caught attitudes like a

camera and put them into words with lilt and meaning enough to keep them alive, sometimes for hundreds of years, without their ever being printed. OTIS FERGUSON.

Which Way Canada?

Canada, by André Siegfried. Translated by H. H. and Doris Hemming. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. 341 pages. \$3.

IT WAS almost inevitable that André Siegfried, having made his notable studies of England and America, should turn his attention to that country which is the link between them. Canadians like to complain, with a show of amusement, that their conditions and importance are grossly misconceived by their "American cousins." They should welcome this book gratefully. It presents their picture with an objectivity impossible to one of themselves.

The picture is remarkably complete within its range. Geography, demography and racial influences, industrial activity and trade, external relations—all are treated with a fullness sufficient for any general interest. Maps and statistics are reduced to a minimum and are smoothly incorporated into the easy flow of the text. It is not often that such material goes with such literary quality. In fact, it is a political chapter that holds the attention least. One might take exception to the author's social philosophy. He may be right in extolling the peasant parochialism of Quebec as a way of life superior to the fortune-hunting mania of the West; but of a possible new balance of economy drawn from the great reservoir of natural resources he gives not the slightest hint.

But getting down to the heart of the matter, Siegfried's "Canada" is primarily the statement of a problem, and a problem peculiar to this country. Canada's very existence as a national entity is torn between contrary determinants, the historical and the geographical; and almost every item of its policy has important bearing upon the question of its ultimate destiny. A proper scrutiny of the physical map brings the point most forcibly home. Canada has no geographical unity, is not really one country at all, but is four distinct and separate regions running into the longitudinal regions of the United States. By historical accident, political dominion was thrown westward quite arbitrarily along the forty-ninth parallel; and only the precarious tie of the transcontinental railways held the parts together against the tremendous pull from the South. This is the sort of thing that the patriotic Canadian cannot officially admit. Yet the consequences of the fundamental physical fact are everywhere evident. Population, trade, tradition, techniques, are pumped to the West, but flow of themselves north and south. The standard of living is shaped by American mass production, from Chevrolet cars to Liberty Magazine. External policy, even to the most intimate imperial relations, are delicately adjusted to American interests.

Yet the tie of sentiment with the mother country is not weakening. Canadians feel with a varying force that in British parliamentarism and British justice in public life, and a modicum of British reserve in private life, they have something worth preserving against the tide of Americanization.

M. Siegfried himself offers only a hope: he wants to see Canada continue as a link between the Old and New Worlds, helping to keep England from sinking into Europe and the United States from an American isolation. But in his statement of the basic problem, and of that hope, he does make the business of being a Canadian seem a little more dramatic.

G. McLURE.

Portrait in the Pitti Palace

A Cardinal of the Medici, by Susan Hicks Beach. New York: The Macmillan Company. \$3.

IF THE writing of rounded biography demands that the subject shall be presented in relation to his time, Mrs. Beach has succeeded admirably—maybe a shade too admirably—in meeting the requirements. The figure of the bastard Cardinal, Ippolito de' Medici, is so merged into the surging life of medieval Italy as to be almost incidental. His unknown mother, whose fictitious memoirs make up the book, is as inconspicuous as a monastic recluse illuminating ancient manuscripts in his cell, as humble in the story as she was in life and forever anonymous. But it is a brilliant, vivid pageant-travelogue that Mrs. Beach has recreated, covering the brief twenty-five-year life of the Cardinal, the period when the Medici and Farnese popes had captured the Church, to the disgrace of religion and the glory of art.

City after city, court after court, are visited. Called as great an artist with the needle as Cellini was with metals, the mother of Ippolito had occasion to meet the outstanding personages of her day—Catherine de' Medici as a child, the Colonna family, popes, bosses and artists; and the tapestry of her memoirs teems with life. The hot vitality and naïve corruption which marked the day are here in their own terms and their own language. Considering the number of years, the territory and events covered, and that this is the record of a humble actor in the scene, it is a tribute to Mrs. Beach's realism that the memoirs fall short of the clear dramatic pointing and organization of a well planned novel. Just so, one feels, this confessedly not brilliant woman would have written. These are the phrases of an age of dignified speech, the observations of a time of rare unbanity, and still the rambling recollections of a humble person. But in this very fidelity of recreation, the author again has done her work too well. The canvas is too crowded, the dramatic perspective too undefined, to contribute to the ease of the reader or the popularity of the book.

JANE LEWIS.

Fiction by Formula

The Novel and the People, by Ralph Fox. New York: International Publishers. 172 pages. \$1.50.

THIS LAST book from Ralph Fox, who died fighting for the Spanish people, is an attempt to examine the relation between the novel and society, to consider what that relation was in the past, what it is today and what it may be in the future. After a rapid historical survey extending from Cervantes to Joyce, and a summary of the insufficiencies of contemporary fiction, Fox concludes that if the novel is to retain its vitality it must undergo a radical change in method and approach. The novelist must have a closer, more sympathetic contact with the masses and a fuller awareness of the significant forces of his age. His description of those forces must also embody a judgment of them, which in turn necessitates a unified philosophical outlook. "That outlook today," according to Fox, "can only be the outlook of dialectical materialism, giving birth in art to a new socialist realism." This new realism will portray man actively engaged in the struggle to change his conditions and to become master of his own destiny. It will affirm rather than negate the dignity of the individual and thus restore to the novel its heroic character and epic proportions.

We need not quarrel with Fox's basic thesis. Its development is another matter. For one thing, it is impossible to do justice to so broad and complex a subject in the limited space Fox allotted himself. Omissions, simplifications and vague generalities vitiate the critic's formulations, which should spring from analysis and close reasoning and be supported by specific references. Otherwise, as is the case with "The Novel and the People," his assertions take on the character of dogma.

In his zeal to make some point or other, Ralph Fox too often minimizes and vulgarizes the achievements of the great bourgeois novelists. One example is Proust, who he says cannot be considered a major novelist because his characters do not live "a life in which you can ask them any question and force an answer." Dostoevsky is not discussed. The best portions of the book are those devoted to Rabelais, Cervantes and Fielding; the weakest are those in which the author substitutes undefined absolutes for literary values.

T. C. WILSON.

With a Kick to It

White Mule, by William Carlos Williams. Norfolk, Conn.: New Directions. \$2.50.

WHITE MULE" is a book to open your eyes, and in every sense of the term. First off, the lean, straight, fast-stepping American of Williams is a joy to read for itself alone. It has true style. Which can be said about no other contemporary prose but that of Hemingway. The style, though, it happens, is an instrument of precision, and "White Mule's" stark actuality as to particulars puts realism, so called, to the blush.

For Williams is hot after the secret of the verisimilitude they got into writing when it was new (the sagas, etc.), before poetry had turned away from the "antipoetic" facts of life; and when he gives you a birth scene, a print shop, a tenement-house toilet or a country storm, he gives it to you right. Kodak minds, nothing; most "realism" is just words. To see a thing, not approximately but as it is; then, with a few punches of the typewriter keys, to conjure up an image of it so precise that its essential quality ("individual genius") jumps out at you, takes high art. And Williams does it on page after page.

Crimes and rank novels are no doubt plotted. "White Mule" has no plot (meaning a jerry-built framework of "dramatic" clichés); its yarn sticks close to ordinary life. A couple named Joe and Gurlie, pushing immigrants of the type that used sooner or later to make the middle class, live in Gotham, work, have babies (and the babies in turn have whooping cough). The routine of living is interrupted by a strike in the print shop of which Joe is manager; there are visits with relatives and friends; Gurlie takes the kids out into the country for a rest. And that's about all that happens. Only it happens.

At the close of the book, which spans two years or less, a plute is fixing to set Joe up in a print shop of his own. Joe, when he pulls the plug, will take with him all the hands from his old shop and its business too. Yet he's "honest"—his honesty, we're told, made him ditch labor after he'd been seven years an organizer (he helped Gompers start the typographers' union), having found it to be rigged, "a business like any other." Don't think I want to carp at a book of such excellence (its prose bound to color the writing of decades). But a one-time union organizer gone completely open-shop needs the explaining he doesn't get here.

FRED R. MILLER.

One Nation Indivisible

The Road to Reunion: 1865-1900, by Paul H. Buck. Boston: Little, Brown and Company. 332 pages. \$3.25.

ALL WHO have studied the American Civil War know the somber story of the snapping, strand by strand, of the ties that bound North and South together; much had preceded the 1860 election of a minority President—a "Black Republican"—to precipitate the South's unsuccessful revolution. Almost equally familiar is the recital of the post-Appomattox factors which both kept alive the North's irritation and intensified the South's bitterness.

In "The Road to Reunion," however, Dr. Buck traverses less familiar ground, a fact that makes his book all the more important as a contribution to today's understanding of yesterday's tragedies and transgressions. He has undertaken to trace over a third of a century the mileposts in our rehabilitation of nationality. To do so, he identified and appraised a multitude of uncertain and unconnected steps by which the riven fabric has been reknit into an almost seamless web. In so doing, he has understandingly charted the social, economic and cultural movements making for friendship and good will. In some respects one feels that he has overemphasized certain events or trends, but these in no sense detract from the importance of the book.

At the outset, the author contrasts the North's reaction to victory and the South's to defeat. The whole Northern people had a sense of high elation, not only over the prowess and success of their soldiers but equally over the fact that here, at long last, the slavery Lucifer had been hurled from the national Heaven. There were spectacular parades down Pennsylvania Avenue, and the veterans' homecomings were all they could have hoped. At this same time the Radicals in Congress insisted with oratorical vituperation that the fruits of victory must not be lost—treason must be crushed to earth. In the South, however, the heroes did not return with measured tread, keeping step to fifes and drums. Clad in motley, they straggled back to stunned cities, neglected farms, devastated homesteads. While they were glad that the hopeless struggle had ended, they returned in bitterness to a peace of desolation and despair. Such seems the common circumstance at the end of a protracted war. The emotional patterns have been so set and frozen that it takes a span of years and a new generation to heal the wounds.

Thus, there was no real peace for the first ten years after the surrender. The Federal Government was in the clutch of the politicians who, through the war, had won great personal power that they would not surrender. Economic power had fallen to the industrialists, whose plants and profits had expanded enormously, and who now sought to consolidate their gains through governmental favors and high protection. The result was a vicious alliance of high tariff and bloody shirt, which corrupted our national politics for a half a century. Nor were all the stiff-necks north of the Potomac. The South had its full quota of those who would not concede that the Confederacy had failed. Some acted out of pristine bitterness; others, ignorant of techniques of adjustment, could not envisage any social system that did not subordinate the race the Abolitionists proclaimed "God's image in ebony."

But time causes raw wounds to close; it brings to the scene new actors, whose memories do not go back to the bloody shambles of the Crater, or the rout on Missionary Ridge. Turning its mind to new things, the active, bustling North became tired of the Radicals' shrill cries that the freedmen were being pushed back into slavery. It began to

sicken at the stench of Reconstruction governments, and to conclude that after all the South knew best how the Negro should be handled. In the South, a new generation was upon the scene: young men who knew there was work to be done, that new social adjustments were imperatively demanded, that there were natural resources to be discovered and exploited and a new social and economic frontier to be brought under control. Southern writers of great promise discovered and maintained the theme of acceptance of the fruits of battle. The South dropped the harsh pre-war defensive dialectic, substituting sweet memories of a civilization that was gone. The North accepted this new picture. Most leaders of both sections had discovered the road to reunion and marched down it hand in hand.

Dr. Buck's book is a brilliant performance. His picture has validity. He has made a real contribution to our understanding of how an America, almost riven, has become almost one again.

GEORGE FORT MILTON.

Biographies to Order

Tom Paine: Friend of Mankind, by Hesketh Pearson. New York: Harper and Brothers. 293 pages. \$3.

Aaron Burr: Proud Pretender, by Holmes Alexander. New York: Harper and Brothers. 402 pages. \$3.50.

THE CHIEF fault of both these books is that they are acts of what Gertrude Stein has called literary shoe-making, cut to fit a foot which may be a publisher's desire for a life of Tom Paine on the occasion of his centenary, or an author's reflection that it's about time he wrote another biography. Behind neither of them is any idea, any irresistible fascination for the subject, any interpretative sense; and worst of all, both authors lack, to a pretty shocking degree, any real understanding of the times and circumstances in which their men lived.

Mr. Pearson is writing of one of the most powerful revolutionaries of the eighteenth century. Yet he condenses the first thirty-seven years of Paine's life into thirteen pages; and he gives no hint of the forces that may have motivated Paine's lust for overturning governments, of the injustices that set flaming in him his steady love of liberty, of the bitter fight against privilege which made him such an impassioned champion of democracy. His book has something of the quiet literary charm that was found in his biographies of closeted gentlemen like Erasmus Darwin and Sidney Smith. But it can only serve to befog in the eyes of most readers the deep-lying drives in the poverty-stricken man who would never take a cent for what he wrote in the cause of liberty, fought for his ideals in the front-line trenches, dared Paris street mobs that were out for his life, evaded the police all over Europe, rotted for a year in a French prison where former friends had thrown him and came out of it still believing in the goodness of mankind. All his life the illusion of a man-made Utopia was to support him; the duration of that illusion is the most important thing about Paine's mind. It was only when he returned to America as an old man, after having written "The Age of Reason," and beheld the corruption of the democracy he had fought for, found himself vilified on all sides as an atheist, ignored and spat upon by his oldest friends, forced to live a lonely life of filth and poverty, that the illusion broke. He went downhill as fast as a man stricken by mortal disease. Brandy became his only comfort and he died spied upon by religious fanatics who were trying to construe the fierce curses he let out in pain as a calling for divine aid.

Aaron Burr was the direct antithesis of Paine. Selfish, neurotic, loving the pleasures of the flesh, treacherous and unfaithful, he had no comprehension of the compulsions that lead men to support causes. When he graduated from Princeton, on the eve of the Revolution, his oration was on "Castle Building." He went to war only to seek glory and deserted when he thought he had been cheated of it. He switched party allegiances as often and as light-heartedly as he changed mistresses. He intrigued to wrestle the presidency from Jefferson and, failing, conspired from within to overthrow the democracy in order to set up a state after the model of his adored Bonaparte. He challenged Hamilton to a duel, not to defend his honor, but purposely to kill him. He tried to become Emperor of Mexico and, again failing, was exiled for long years to Europe. Corrupt, brilliant, bloody, his treachery was blacker than Arnold's, for Arnold was only a stupid man led into temptation, whereas Burr really preferred evil means to good.

Mr. Holmes Alexander has made no attempt to absolve Burr from the guilt of his various treasons (and that is good) but neither has he made them understandable. Burr remains a dummy because his biographer, having gone pretty thoroughly into part of the source material, forgot to investigate the history of the times. His lack of feeling for these times is almost as staggering as his ignorance; he characterizes the Revolution as "the silvery tickle of swordplay" and makes the statement that Forts Lee and Washington were on either side of the *Bronx River*, up which the British sailed in rowboats to attack White Plains. His style is full of rhetorical pomp. He starts his book by addressing a personal letter to his hero, saying that all biographers are "merely grave-snatchers." Grave-snatchers, after all, are concerned with corpses; and Mr. Alexander, for all his work in the cemetery, has failed to bring up a living man.

JOHN HYDE PRESTON.

Books in Brief

The Best Short Stories: 1937, edited by Edward J. O'Brien. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. \$2.50.

MR. O'BRIEN always shies at any "excess of sensibility" in a story, at the biased, zealot's tale that kicks over the traces emotionally or in propaganda, and when he describes the merits of his selected stories his praise is almost invariably for the "sobriety of handling," "cool objectivity," "emotion . . . kept on ice," etc. This is a preference that definitely limits his choice and has rather a standardizing general effect; but for all that, some of the stories here are very good indeed and greatly superior to last year's collection. Although he has aimed at presenting a cross-section of American life, and although all his authors are American, only half the stories can be called representative of their country, and most of the better ones are set outside America. Of the latter the three "novellas," by I. V. Morris, Ellis St. Joseph and Lovell Thompson, and Hemingway's "Snows of Kilimanjaro," are outstanding, while the American scene comes out best through Charles Cooke, Paul Horgan and Allen McGinnis. R. H. Linn has an excellent humorous sketch, while Faulkner's "Fool About a Horse"—an admirable version of the good old theme of horse-doctoring—would tickle a saint and, of all this collection, is the story one is most tempted to reread.

R. V.

Paul Lawrence Dunbar: Poet of His People, by Benjamin Brawley. Chapel Hill: The University of North Carolina Press. 170 pages. \$1.

This, the first biography of Dunbar, is a brief and sympathetic sketch of his life and a critical study of his work. This work has an importance beyond its intrinsic merit,

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because Dunbar was the first modern Negro poet to attract the favorable notice of his contemporaries. His short life, shadowed by illness and poverty, and his likable personality, were additional factors in building up a Dunbar legend. A genuine if minor poet, he was, according to Mr. Brawley, given a place by Negroes "never accorded to any other man. There have been many of whom they have been proud, but never another they loved like this one. He was their own."

M. G.

Rhythm for Rain, by John Louw Nelson. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 282 pages, 54 illustrations. \$3.25.

Descriptions of the spectacular dance ceremonies of the Hopi Indians are strung on a narrative thread tracing a boy's "path of life" from birth to betrothal. But the author's failure to relate Hopi ritual to the day-by-day work and wealth of the tribe gives the book a curiously abstract, unreal character. Such matters as clanship, secret societies, primitive elective democracy, collective ownership of land, production of food, cotton, weapons, etc., are mentioned briefly or not at all. When the Great Drought comes, the people pray, dance, starve quietly. Although a few seek help in better watered regions, relief comes not from them but through magic. The impression is conveyed that the "happy people's" main struggle is spiritual—you'd never guess they are the cleverest desert farmers in the world. The drama of climate and landscape, the poetry of dance and prayer, do not constitute a Hopi life. The result is, as the protagonist would say, *kahopi*—not-Hopi—not so good. P. S.

John Drakin, by G. D. Eaton. Woodcut illustrations by George Barford. Milwaukee: Gutenberg Publishing Company. 440 pages. \$2.50.

This is the second and last novel of G. D. Eaton, once editor of Plain Talk, who recently died at the age of thirty-five. His hero Drakin is shown first on a farm, in the pangs of adolescent love; then as a private in the Medical Corps who didn't get overseas but had a brutal introduction to reality in the venereal wards; later as a student at Michigan, and finally as a drifter in New York. Drakin,

though a man of some ability, is a weakling: he finds excuses to quit his jobs or blunders and is fired. The story is plainly told; a good deal of it is old stuff but some of the army and bottom-dog scenes reveal a gift of sharp observation, and the author's sincerity frequently carries him through places where his limited technique faltered.

H. T. M.

Contributors

EDMUND WILSON's newest book, "This Room and This Gin and These Sandwiches," a collection of three plays, has just been published as one of The New Republic Dollar Series.

MARY HEATON VORSE, veteran labor journalist, sends us her article from Youngstown, Ohio. We reported in last week's issue that she was wounded in the fighting there on June 19. She writes: "My face is now bright green and my eye purple; otherwise I'm all right."

ERNEST O. HAUSER, at present a member of the research staff of the Institute of Pacific Relations, has been in the Far East for several years as correspondent for a group of European newspapers. He wrote the Foreign Policy Report, "Anglo-Japanese Rivalry in Southeastern Asia."

HELEN NEVILLE has contributed poetry and literary criticism to various publications.

G. McLURE is a free-lance writer who lives in Westmount, Quebec. He has contributed essays and book reviews to several Canadian periodicals.

T. C. WILSON has contributed verse and prose to The New Republic, The Criterion, Life and Letters Today, Poetry and other publications. At present he is working on a volume of literary criticism.

FRED R. MILLER, erstwhile short-story writer and editor of Blast, is now working as a draughtsman in New York City.

GEORGE FORT MILTON, who has been for many years editor of The Chattanooga News, is the author of "The Age of Hate" and "The Eve of Conflict."

JOHN HYDE PRESTON, author of a biography of Mad Anthony Wayne and a biographical history, "Revolution: 1776," is now engaged in research for a history of the Civil War.

The initials signed to the brief reviews are those of Richard Vaughan, Martha Gruening, Philip Stevenson and Harry Thornton Moore.

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